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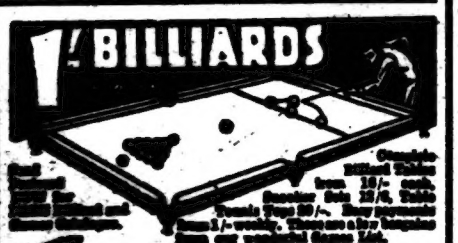

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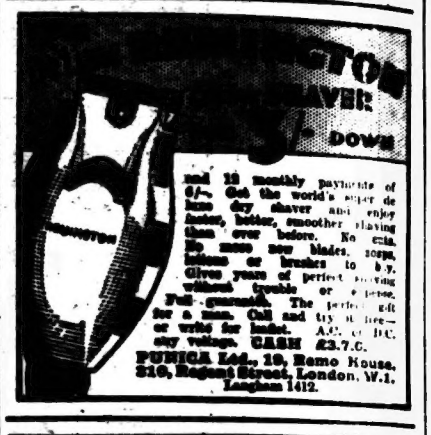

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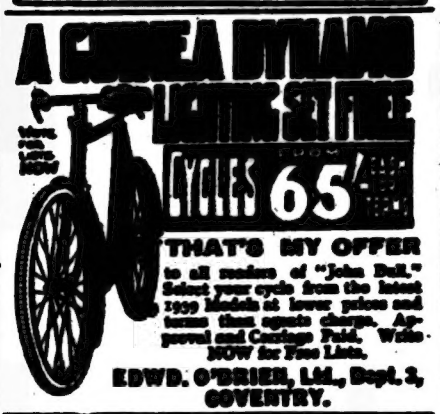

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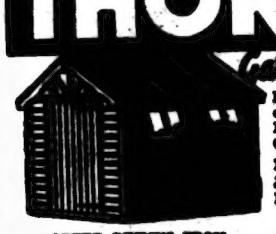

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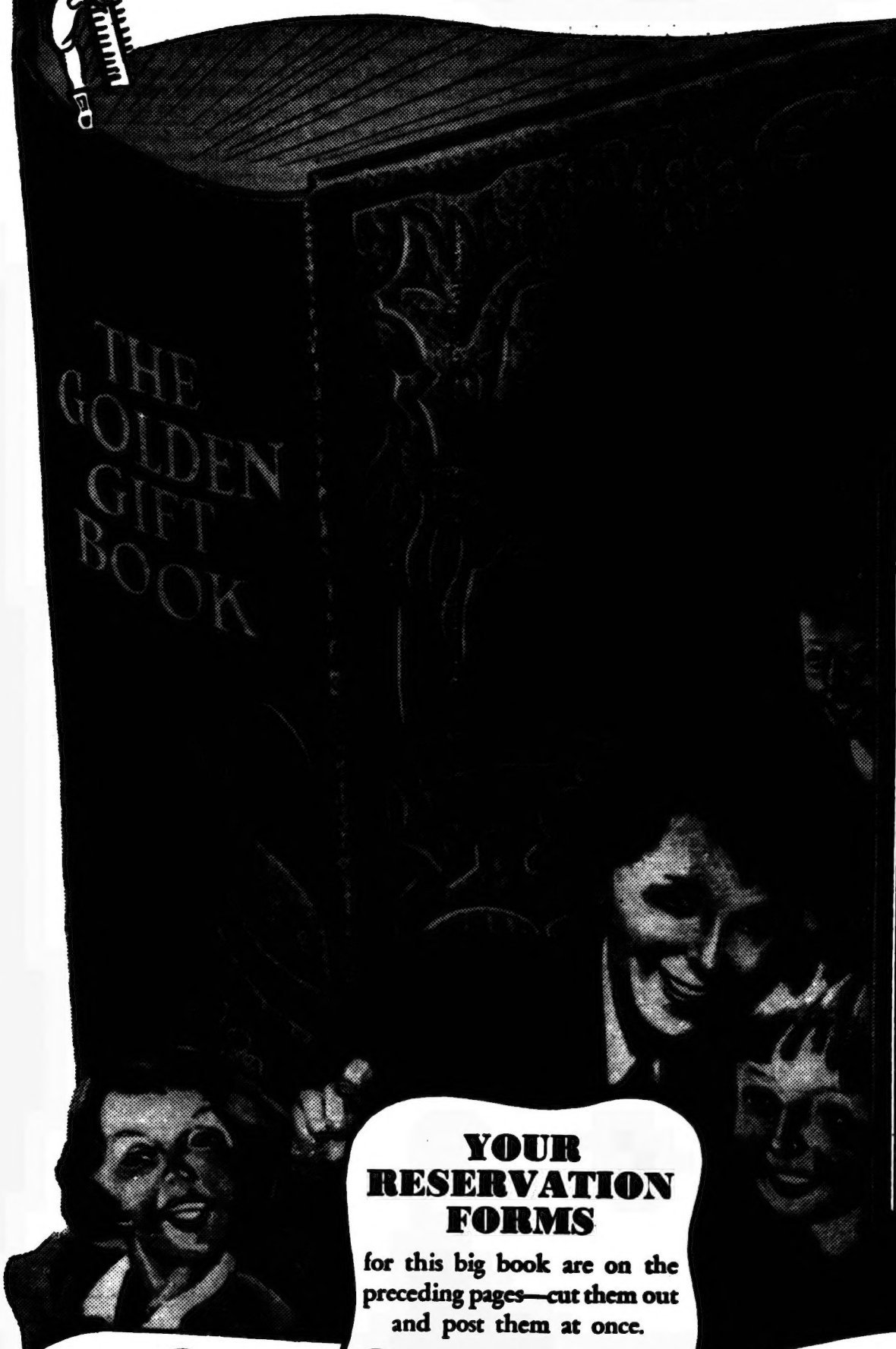

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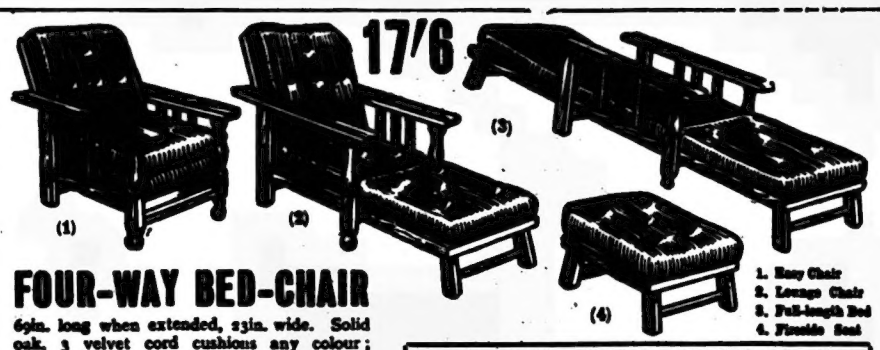

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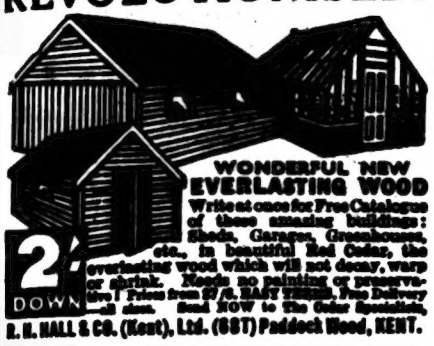

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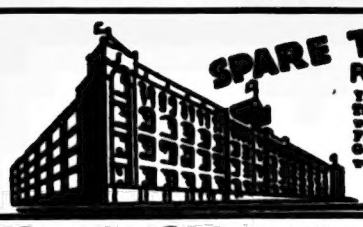

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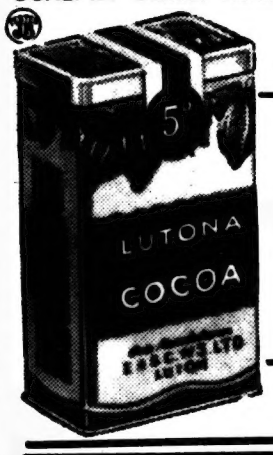

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POULTRY-KEEPING.

REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU. — Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry —but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1938 Edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem . . . that makes poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., now available made from genuine Western Red Cedar the everlasting wood which defies rot, will not warp, crack or shrink and has a beautiful appearance. Prices are as low as 27/6 and all models are available on easy terms from 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY ALL SIZES. Send at once for FREE Illustrated Catalogue to: R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

GARDENERS! What to do in November The November Number of Odhams' New Style "Pocket Gardening," edited by Mr. Richard Sudell, is crammed with practical ideas and information. How to make a Rock Garden, Shrubs for the Small Garden, making a Pebble Pavement, use of Lattice for Screening, how to make a trouble-free Pergola. You'll like every one of its 100 pages, which contain 27 Articles and 97 Illustrations. Get your copy NOW. Ask for the new pocket size "GARDENING," on sale everywhere, price 6d.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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FREE Sample of Cephos will quickly convince you of effectiveness of this Harley Street Physician's Remedy for Colds and Influenza. Does not affect the heart. Safe and certain. Send p.c.—CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., Dept. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a liberal free trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Lotion.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.12), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. See p. 35.

SUFFERERS from Constipation. Get a free sample of Epsotabs, the new pleasant way of taking salts. Simply write to Epsotabs, Ltd. (J.B.5), 59, Chancery Lane, W.C.2. See page 35.

FREE to Rheumatism Sufferers! Generous Free Sample packet of "Hervea," which clears and expels Uric Acid from the system.—Write for supply to-day. For address see p. 42.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL ENDOWMENT Policies bought outright, also Refuge and Salvation Army policies purchased.—Pioneer Sales, Winchester.

ACCORDIONS. Save Pounds on all New Models. For full details see advert. of Francis on page 3.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

GET a copy of Benson's Watch, Jewellery Catalogue, etc. For only 5/- down you can secure the solid gold Benson watch illustrated. Simply fill in the coupon on page 33.

THE need for a carefully planned career was never greater than it is to-day. Free advice and particulars are offered in the Bennett College announcement on page 12.

FREE to sufferers from hair troubles—a testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. Fill in coupon on p. 31 and enclose 3d. stamps.

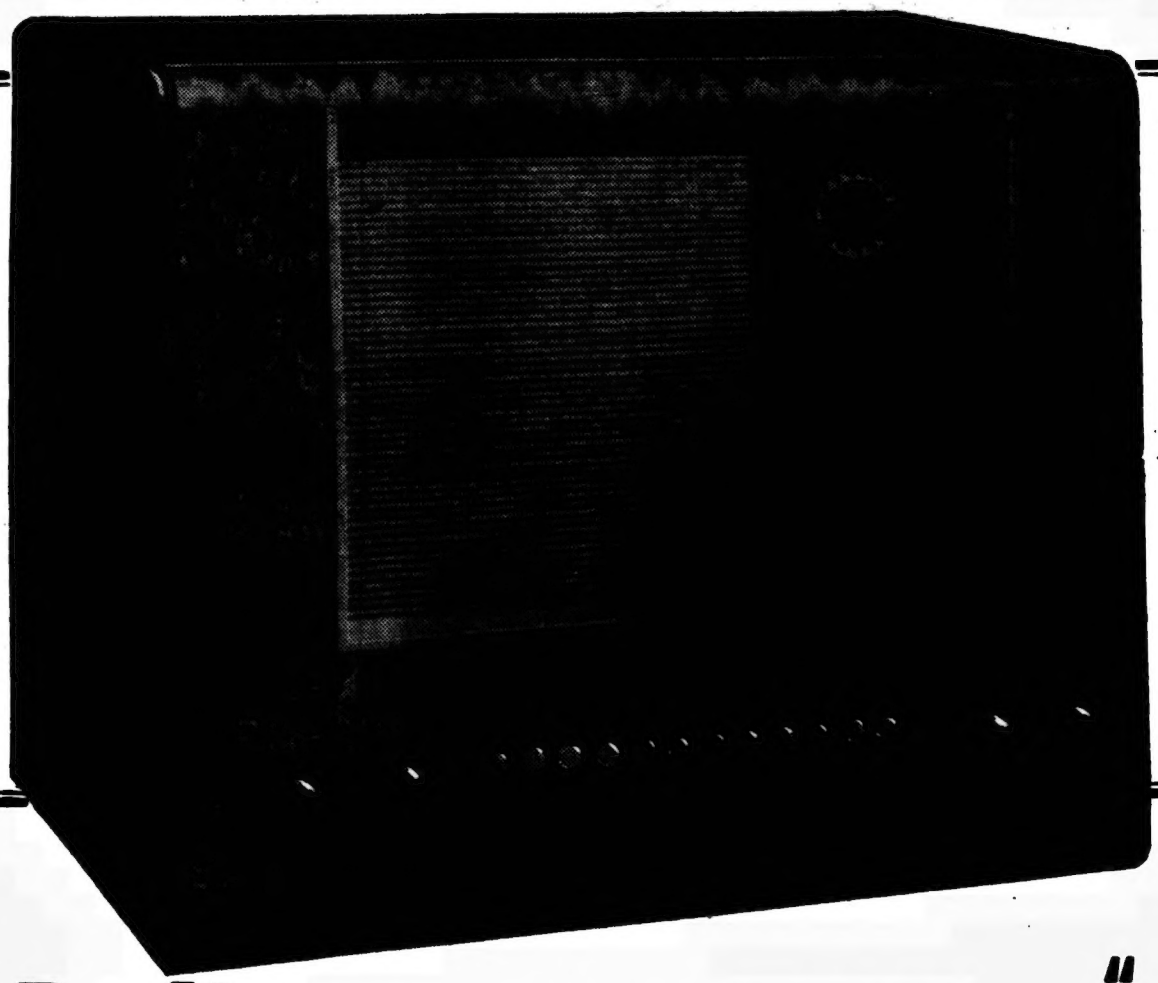
STEEDMAN'S Famous Book, "Hints to Mothers," is offered free on page 31.

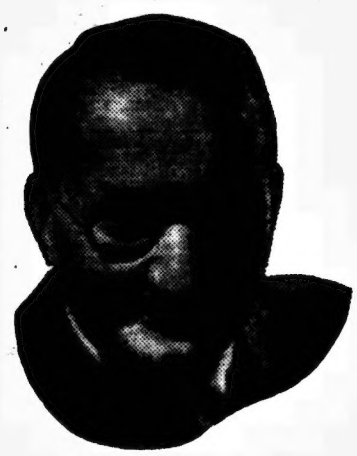
FREE illustrated Gifts List. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Allinson, 210, Cambridge Road, London, E.2. for copy of this list. See p. 34.

£100 in Cash prizes. Don't overlook the Mason's Ginger Wine Essence announcement on page 33. Address entries to Dept. 61, Newball & Mason, Ltd., Notts.

FREE.—The makers of Robin Starch have published an interesting little booklet, "A Little Bird Told Me." Simply fill in the coupon on page 29 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Reckitt & Sons, Dept. 614, Hull.

ACCEPT this free double offer. Trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to Dept. W.J.B.18, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. See page 30.





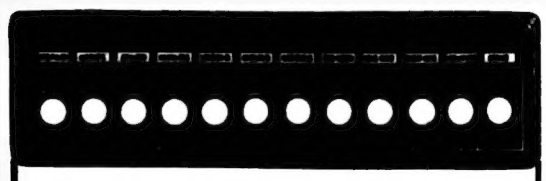
Christopher Stone Says

Radio programmes – "à la Carte" or "Table d'Hôte"

WHEN I go out to a meal in a restaurant I sometimes like to take what I'm given—other times I like to pick and choose from the menu.

Listeners feel the same, so Bush have had the bright idea of giving you any one of your eight favourite stations tuned at the push of a button. Push another button and you're free to choose as you please any of the dozens of stations on the Long, Medium or Short wavebands. The whole thing is wavelengths beyond me to explain, but I find it delightfully practical in use.

I mustn't get carried away by the Bush Buttons! This set has so many other things to commend it — a PUSH PULL output, of tremendous power handling capacity, that has to be heard to be believed. A 'Magic Eye' to help you tune 'a la Carte'. A Bush 'Teleflic' to pin down short-wave stations. And, of course, the well-known Bush reliability — that goes without saying these days. Your Bush dealer, while proud to show you this set, will probably be loth to sell it. But wave the money in his face and he may weaken.



★ What 'Bush Button' Tuning does:—

- ★ Push a button — and there's your station, instantly and accurately tuned — no time-lag.
- ★ Push another button — and there's another station, previous one being automatically cut out.
- ★ Stations not available on automatic tuning can be hand-tuned immediately simply by pushing the desired waveband button — LONG, MEDIUM or SHORT.
- ★ No switch for changing of waveband; no switch for changing to MANUAL tuning.
- ★ Push-Button stations can, within broad limits, be any of your own choice.

Bush BUTTON RADIO

ALL-WAVE MODEL P.B.55 (*as illustrated*) 7 valve (inc. rect.) All-wave Superhet for A.C. Mains. 12 Push Buttons — 8 Long and Medium wave stations of your own choice (within broad limits), 3 waveband selectors each combining automatic change to manual tuning, and gram control. Powerful PUSH PULL output. Clear, illuminated station-calibrated dial. Variable selectivity. 'Magic Eye' Tuning indicator. 'Teleflic' dial.

15½ GNS. CASH *or on popular payments.*

FROM **9½ GNS.**

POST THIS COUPON (in ½d. unsealed envelope) To Bush Radio Ltd., Dept. J.B. 195, Power Road, Chiswick, London, W.4.
Please send me full details of the Bush P.B.55. Also name of nearest Appointed Dealer.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

For prices in Eire apply to *Distributors for Eire:*— R. Marks Ltd., 27, Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.

royds

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Thursday, for week ending
Saturday, November 12, 1938.

JOHN BULL

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Let's Make it a Real Peace Day!

ARMISTICE Day! Some call it Remembrance Day! JOHN BULL suggests a change. Rename it "Peace Day"!

Drop this ceremony, cry some: after twenty years it's meaningless! JOHN BULL disagrees. But we do think this: without losing its original inspiration, its purpose is changing, and that change has been quickened by the recent crisis.

For the first years after the war, it was, above all, a day for remembering, for mourning those we had lost.

To-morrow Does Come!

True, we swore never again! But, in our inmost hearts, we thought a next time could never come.

Recent events have smashed that illusion, have shown that peace can be maintained only by constructive effort.

From now on, therefore, make this day one when we honour the dead by dedicating ourselves to positive peace.

Sentiment Backs Reason

A JOHN BULL reader goes further: Make November 11 each year, he suggests, the occasion of an international conference.

We all preach international co-operation. Make this date a stimulus to such co-operation. Let remembrance of the dead shame us into action and achievement!

Mere sentiment! some will cry. Sentiment it is, but it's more than that; it's invoking sentiment in support of reason.

On to Peace!

The head, not the heart, must rule. But the head fares best when the heart goes with it.

No more hard-headed gentlemen than dictators. But note how they stir the emotions of their peoples.

Would that our rulers could arouse national enthusiasm in the same degree for the better causes which we believe to be ours! The Prime Minister has shown that he wants Peace.

Don't become conventional again, Mr. Chamberlain! Persevere with your Peace Plan. Don't be slowed up by distracting side-issues.

Beware of Stealth

You mean, you assure us, to follow up the Munich declaration. Settlement of disputes by negotiation, not force! Round-table talks to assure European peace! Splendid!

But go to Europe's board meetings as the strong, not the weak, partner. Fill the gaps in our defences.

And don't do it by stealth. Don't try to disguise it to avoid provocation!

British defence measures can't be provocative; so long as they are defensive none can suspect us of aggressive designs.

The Nation Waits

Let the world know frankly that, though seeking peace, we mean to be strong enough to secure it on just terms.

Stir our own people to realise both the tremendous purpose before us and the bold defence measures needed to attain it.

Don't be timid in calling on the nation to serve, and the nation won't be timid in answering!

Caught Napping

We welcomed the first move for a separate A.R.P. Minister when Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, as Home Office under-secretary, was placed in sole charge.

But that step came too late. The crisis showed that. Britain was caught napping. Mr. Eady, the department's right-hand man, has told us so. So JOHN BULL can't help asking questions now.

Cut the Cackle

Sir John Anderson, Minister of Civilian Defence, to take charge of A.R.P., to enrol man-power for national service. The right man, and a move in the right direction!

But has he enough powers? Will he be entangled in the machinery of the many departments through which he will have to work? Will his work be cluttered by too many committees?

Women in Uniform

Disquieting stories of discrimination against working women in choosing officers for the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service. Justified resentment, too, that recruits for this force must pay doctor's fee for medical examination

These grievances may be exaggerated. But we demand immediate investigation and rectification where necessary!

Propaganda pictures of these women marching and drilling have done more harm than good.

If they are recruited for military show, they are unnecessary.

And that's the mildest of the comments in the many letters of protest we are receiving.

Nothing but Truth

Criticisms of B.B.C.'s news broadcasts in foreign languages. Said to be dull, chiefly because, it's alleged, they repeat items which foreign listeners will have heard from their own stations.

JOHN BULL does not endorse these criticisms. The broadcasts are an attempt to give foreign listeners, especially in Germany and Italy, the straight news of the day.

Democracies are not afraid of the truth. Let citizens of totalitarian States realise this.

Encourage them, too, to look to us for the news rather than to their own censored and biased programmes.

More Babies

Birth-rate last year the highest since 1932. Excellent, so far as it goes. But don't let it lull us into thinking that the population problem is dead.

Britain and the Empire require thriving numbers. But, so far as can be seen, the long-run trend is still downward. Investigation of this question, therefore, remains urgent; family allowances and bigger tax rebates for parents are still good policy.

"Distress" is Right!

End distress for rent!

For more than two centuries landlords have enjoyed a glaring advantage over other creditors. Ordinary creditors can recover their due only by process of law. Landlords, and landlords alone, can take the law into their own hands.

Rent overdue? The landlord can enter the tenant's premises, seize his goods.

Most landlords are as humane as anyone else. But the right of distress is a harsh privilege. And becomes harsher still as the old type of landlord gives place to those who regard property as a mere soulless investment.

End It!

Distress may be exercised either by the landlord himself or through bailiffs.

For many years certain bailiffs have abused their position by entering into a so-called "Short Walking Possession Agreement," whereby the bailiff removed himself—for a consideration.

This practice has recently been declared illegal by the High Court. Now a Government Commission, under Judge Lilley, are investigating the whole law of distress. It's high time!

Incredible—but True

About time, too, to see once more what those other guardians of the peace—our magistrates—are doing.

A Hull labourer snatched up a five-year-old child and ran off with her. Two youths caught him.

The magistrates said they had probably saved the child from a terrible fate—and sent the man to jail for one month. *One month!*

What a rotten law that doesn't permit him to be dealt with as he deserves!

Barbarity

Something else that makes us angry:

A young father of Berwick was told to take his very sick children—twins—to an Edinburgh hospital. To pay the train fares he had to draw his "dole" a day before it was due.

Those children were so ill that the parents kept having to feel them to see if they were still alive.

But they had been denied Berwick's ambulance because the family was so poor!

Who's to Blame?

Finally, see if you like this any more than we do:

Carmarthenshire's chief food inspector reports that *nearly* 50 *per cent.* of the milk supplied in the schools is unsatisfactory!

It will be equally disgraceful if an official enquiry is not held at once.

Birth-rate went up last year. Fine! But it won't reach healthy heights until we get family allowances and better tax rebates for parents

All Shouts— No Action!

NEXT week the Public Health Exhibition opens in London. Its main exhibit should be the new report of Sir Arthur S. MacNalty, Britain's chief State doctor.

Bad housing, it declares, is causing an excessively high rate of child deaths.

In the provinces, it goes on, a proper specialist service based on the hospitals has yet to be organised.

Monstrous that young lives are thrown away because local councils and Whitehall are too lazy to build decent houses!

Shameful that, in great areas of the country, poor people are debarred from obtaining Harley Street advice when their lives hang in the balance!

And these are merely two of the serious defects in our health system that JOHN BULL has castigated time and again for years past.

Yet officialdom does nothing—except to whine about the need for making Britain an A1 nation!

Voice of the People

- "Divine" Danger
- Gas-Mask Toys
- Britain's Eyes
- Exam. Snobbery

I HAVE just returned from the U.S., where I had personal business contact with Father Divine and his "angels" at their newly-established settlement on the Hudson adjoining the estate of President Roosevelt.

I was therefore very interested in your article in which you describe him as the world's worst evangelist.

I, personally, would call him the world's *most dangerous* evangelist.

There is a superficial aspect of morality and righteousness about the whole business which is really the most insidiously dangerous thing about the movement.

This autocrat is actually gathering together a vast political force already powerful in voting strength, and my prophecy is that Divine is going to create a tremendous social and political upheaval in the United States.

I would not be surprised if—over grievances real or fancied—his vastly augmented followers rose in armed rebellion.—C. Laurence Ford, 5, Dallam Avenue, Morecambe, Lancs.

Paying for Fun

Funny masks are worn over the faces of guests at Hallowe'en parties. Here in Scotland we call them false faces.

This year, at one local Hallowe'en party at least, gas-masks were used instead. I can say from personal knowledge that many were damaged in the course of the evening.—James Hill, 35, Arklet Road, Glasgow, S.W.1.

You have got to pay nearly five million pounds for what thousands of silly people are regarding as toys.

Thank You!

I have just received 18s. for overtime done during the crisis.

As the particular work represented, in my opinion, my duty to my country, my conscience will not let me accept it.

I have such a great respect for JOHN BULL, and all that it stands for, that I send it to you to put to whatever you consider a good use.

I would like it, if possible, to help somebody who would be only too glad to work for his country, but whom misfortune will not permit. And I would be happy if anyone should feel inclined to follow my lead.—Anonymous, Upper Tooting, London, S.W.17.

With the 10s. 6d. we pay for a letter, we have sent the 18s. postal order to the "Greatest of These Fund." We shall tell in due course whom—glad of the chance to work for his country, but unable to do so—it will benefit.

What's in a Beard?

What is it that keeps bearded men out of crime? Is it that a beard produces a sense of good citizenship?—Walter Craven, 253, Great College Street, N.W.1.

William Cooper Hobbs, Vaquier, Charles Peace, Jabez Balfour, Samuel Dougal (Moat Farm murder), Dr. Lamson (school murder), Whitaker Wright, Goudie (the bank forger), all three directors responsible for the City of Glasgow bank frauds, Dr. Pritchard (the "Benevolent Monster" murderer) and John Smith (for whose crime Adolf Beck was wrongly blamed) were all bearded.

Surprised

Standing on the kerb at Catford for a friend to appear, I was dimly conscious

of the fact that a street musician was playing a few yards away.

Judge of my surprise—seeing that I have always considered I look a smartish and business-like young man—when a policeman tapped me on the shoulder and said: "Don't you think it's time you and your musician friend moved on?"—J. D., Beckway Street, S.E.17.

Not so Bad

If official statistics are to be believed, this country has a bigger percentage of blind people than any other.

Our figure is 173 per 100,000 population, as against 81 in Italy, 73 France, 58 Germany, 49 U.S.A.—and even India appears to be luckier than ourselves with 150 blind people per 100,000.

It would be interesting to know how far this is due to neglect of the nation's eyes.—A. M. H., Horsham.

Blind Institute says that actually we are better off than most countries in this respect. Our system of registration of blind is 100 per cent. efficient. If other countries had same system they wouldn't show up so well.

Nurses Wanted

So one of the leading London hospitals, to meet the dearth of recruits for the nursing profession, has undertaken to admit non-resident students for a three-term course and will allow these girls to use lipstick, etc.

The girls, however, must have obtained the London Matriculation or School Certificate.

Are elementary school girls incapable of understanding lectures? Is there something wrong with the system of free education? Or is it that snobbery is still at work?—Edith Chilman, Dibrugarh Lodge, South Benfleet, Essex.

When Florence Nightingale was told that disease and septic wounds were making hospitals in the Crimea more ghastly than the battlefields, and was asked to go out, she picked thirty-four nurses on something she read in their faces—not on school certificates. No need for us to say what she and those thirty-four accomplished.

Lost—and Found!

My father employed an errand-boy in his grocery business. One Saturday he gave the lad a bag of sweets with his week's wages.

Throwing away the empty sweet-bag, the lad saw a 10s. note near it and took it straight to the police.

Not until he was having supper and his mother asked for his wages did he find he had handed over his own 10s.!

"But it's all right," he told his mother. "The sergeant said it's mine in six months *if nobody else goes for it!*—J. E. Galloway, Forth Avenue North, Kirkcaldy, Fife

Yes, Know Your Neighbours.

Look on this picture I took at Dorchester of what is probably the only German war memorial in this country, with its words:

"Here lie German warriors in alien earth—but not forgotten."

What war means to you it means, also, to your counterparts in other lands.—F. R. Winstone, A.R.P.S., St. Agnes Avenue, Bristol.

Letters About Liquids

Milk

As a teacher in various parts of the country I have noticed the following points about the school milk distribution:

Milk too sour for human consumption;

Bottles spattered with dirt;

On one occasion a used bus ticket found in the bottle after the contents had been consumed.

Now and then, in some parts of the country, you come across a frame of mind which says, "Anything will do. It's only for the school-kids."—S. W., Bothwell, Lanark.

* * *

Orange-Juice

At a Sunday medical inspection the doctor ordered copious supplies of orange-juice for my little daughter.

We had six oranges in the house, but so feverish was our child that they didn't go far.

I went out for more.

Nobody would supply me. What made me really angry was that I could easily have bought whisky or beer for my own consumption.—Mr. W. E. Crew, 60, Lee Road, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

* * *

Scent

Something should be done—and quickly—about the scent-sipping habit, which is increasing.

The fact that large bottles of Eau-de-Cologne can be bought for sixpence has helped to encourage it.

I know one case where a woman-addict gives tots to her own little daughter whenever the child cries.

I suggest that the law should insist on such scents being doctored. A violent emetic, for instance, should not affect its value as a perfume.—M. P., Brighton.

* * *

Alcohol

Asked to arrange a Sunday afternoon service for children, and suggest a subject, a friend of mine said: "Let us deal with alcohol."

Accordingly, he made a bright speech against strong drink and then asked: "What shall we do with all the alcohol?"

He was bowled over when one daring little boy piped up with: "Throw it in the river"—for the next hymn, which had been chosen by my friend as suitable to a temperance occasion, was: "Shall we Gather at the River?"—Miss Betty Jones, "Rosedene," Leek Road, Hanley, Staffs.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where you can help us to help you.

A. G. Gardiner ..... *Page 13*
Sir Wyndham Childs .... *Page 17*
True Story ..... *Pages 24 and 26*
Human Documents ..... *Page 34*

"DON'T SIT WAITING FOR PEACE!"

Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech, said he saw no reason why the democracies and the totalitarian States should not live in peace, and used as his theme the slogan: "Don't sit waiting for peace."

The peaceful serenity of the English countryside will be brought to all the world if all the nations endorse the Prime Minister's pledge

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

NO nation can afford to be very proud of the part it has played in the years since the Armistice.

In many ways, as Mr. A. G. Gardiner stresses on page 13, those twenty years are among the most tragic in human history.

When they opened, the nations of the world had the greatest opportunity since the dawn of time of ensuring lasting peace in the world.

But the opportunity was missed.

No one nation is to blame for that. To single out one nation to blame for the "lost peace" is but to repeat the foolish injustice of saying that Germany must bear the sole guilt for the last war.

All nations contributed by their mistakes to the situation from which the last war sprang. All nations have contributed by their mistakes to the present situation of missed opportunity. And if the supreme tragedy came and war broke out now, all nations would have to accept their share of blame for that, too.

But none of that will matter if only we can succeed now in breaking free from the past, and in making this twenty-first year of peace one of practical achievement.

Once again opportunity exists. The Four Powers of Britain, France, Germany and Italy were brought into contact at Munich.

In the development of that co-operation lies the chance of a new era of peace in Europe.

BUT if that opportunity is to be seized, then action must be taken in the spirit of these wise words:

"THERE SHALL BE NO SITTING STILL AND WAITING FOR PEACE TO COME, BUT FIRM AND PRACTICAL STEPS TOWARD THAT END."

That sentence might have been taken from many appeals that have appeared these last weeks, and much earlier than that in these pages.

But, in fact, they are words used by the British Prime Minister to describe his foreign policy in the House of Commons.

What are the "firm and practical steps" which the British Government should seek to take between now and Armistice Day next year? What is the One Year Plan for Peace which Europe requires?

It is good to ask these questions. For it is not wise to bite off more than can be chewed. It is not wise to try to do more than the situation will permit. That way lies disillusionment and setback.

A few good steps taken firmly and successfully are worth more than twenty grandiose projects that fall to the ground for want of practical backing.

There are four things which JOHN BULL believes could be achieved before next Armistice Day by a British Government intent on business.

THE FIRST, THOUGH IT INVOLVES NO PACT, CONVENTION OR TREATY, IS THE MOST URGENT OF ALL. IT IS TO SECURE A MORE FRIENDLY FEELING BETWEEN THE NATIONS.

To replace hate and bitterness by understanding and sympathy; to try to see the whole thing from the other nations' point of view; to be conscious not only of what one dislikes in others, but also of one's own national failings and weaknesses—these are the first requirements of Europe.

For without true international good will and confidence, what is any treaty or pact worth? Not the paper it is written on.

For years there has been a great international slanging match going on between the democracies and the dictatorships. It has not been one-sided either. The democracies have hurled just as many hard words as the dictatorships.

It may well be that the blood boils at some of the things that happen in Germany. But all the angry protests and fierce words used have not helped the position of democrats in Germany one bit. Not one bit.

And as for the idea that it would be helping the persecuted democrats of Germany if Britain went to war, it is devil's madness.

Help the people of Germany? By having a war in which millions of them would be killed and maimed and starved? It is a grotesque monstrosity of a policy.

The second and third things that could be accomplished before Armistice Day of 1939 are no-more-war pacts between Britain, Germany, France and Italy, and an agreement for the limitation of arms.

The no-more-war pacts need not be elaborate documents, stiff with the stilted phrases of the diplomats.

EUROPE has had enough long words that mean nothing. Let us have some short and plain ones that mean what they say.

The Four Great Powers of Europe could begin. Then all nations should be invited to make their pledges in the same simple form.

Then the Four Powers must pass on to the job of hammering out an agreement for the limitation of arms.

That will be more difficult. It will call for sacrifices.

But if the piling up of arms goes on at the present terrible pace, not merely will all hope of an increased standard of life have to be put aside, but the standard of life will begin to fall throughout Europe.

Men and money will have to be diverted from the building of houses and hospitals and roads, from the growing of food, from the manufacture of daily requirements, to the making of guns and tanks and aeroplanes.

Already these things begin to happen. But unless an arms agreement is reached, what has already happened will be little more than a trifle compared with what will come.

The fourth step that should be accomplished before the twelve months are out is the signing of an international Prosperity Programme.

At present the nations are impoverishing one another by economic warfare. The weapons are tariffs and quotas and many another restriction upon the exchange of goods between nations.

None profit by this warfare. All become poorer. Everywhere unemployment rises and poverty spreads.

IF Governments approach this problem with the one idea of securing an increased flow of goods for their own peoples to consume and enjoy, the job will go through successfully.

M. Van Zeeland showed the way in the great report presented to the British and French Governments last January, in which he advocated a "pact of economic collaboration." That is a big phrase for what we prefer to call an international Prosperity Programme.

Since the report was presented, nothing has been done. But now, if the political situation is first improved by the no-more-war pacts, something could be done.

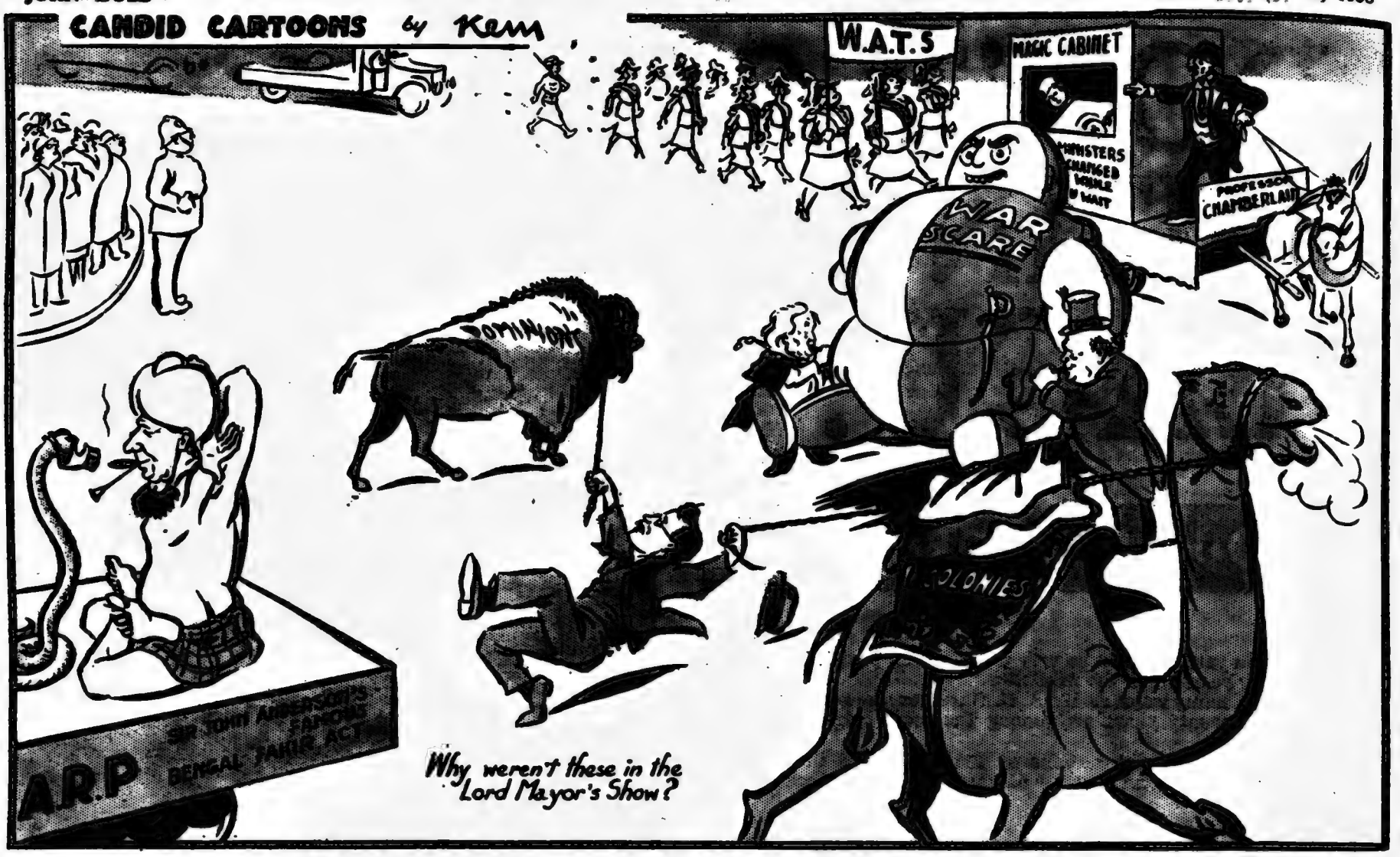
There is the One Year Plan for Peace.

Carried through, it would make possible the successful holding of the World Peace Conference advocated in these pages as the only way of securing a fundamental and complete international agreement.

It would so improve the state of the world that the restoration of the authority of the League and an increase in its membership would be possible.

But let the great warning of the Prime Minister be written upon the walls of the Cabinet Room and the Foreign Office:

"THERE SHALL BE NO SITTING STILL AND WAITING FOR PEACE TO COME, BUT FIRM AND PRACTICAL STEPS TOWARD THAT END."



Open Letters

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P., *Minister of Health*

DEAR SIR,—Evidently discretion is a virtue you don't possess.

Although you are desperately trying to explain away your speech threatening to cut down pensions, health and housing services, these attempts ring hollow.

For your disgraceful speech was plain enough.

I'm glad the indignation it aroused has made you change your tune if not your convictions. But I regret that a Minister of the Crown should have to swallow his own words.—JOHN BULL.

Major E. G. MUNRO, *Departmental Committee on Coal*

DEAR MAJOR,—Railway rates are sometimes "very peculiar," you say. I presume you mean that they're darned silly.

It's cheaper to send from London to Harwich by way of Antwerp than by a direct train.

It's cheaper to send from London to Boulogne and back again to Folkestone than to send from London to Folkestone direct.

The only people who could justify these flaws in Britain's transport are the inmates of Bedlam.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman J. BALDWIN, *Lord Mayor of Nottingham*

MY LORD MAYOR,—A man in your high and honourable position has no right to impose his personal preferences upon other people.

That you have been a lifelong teetotaler is your business. But your decision that no intoxicants shall be served at banquets during your year of office affects all Nottingham's citizens and guests.

I deplore it as a trivial and narrow-minded form of dictatorship.—JOHN BULL.

Matron H. HANKS, *St. George's Hospital, London*

DEAR MATRON,—Look at the top of this page and you'll see that the year is 1938, not 1838.

You think there's too much talk of the need to make nursing an attractive profession. And you assert that nursing can get the right type of candidate without stressing the ease of its service.

Are you so sure? The truth is that there is a grave shortage of student nurses throughout the country.

Not because girls are unwilling to be *nurses*, but because they will not become part-time charwomen dragooned by petty tyrannies and impertinent restrictions that should have been swept away a century ago.—JOHN BULL.

Miss CONSTANCE COLVILLE, *London Barrister*

MADAM,—What rubbish you talk—and dangerous rubbish at that!

You may not like the word "conscription," but your demand for compulsory national service for all women aged from eighteen to fifty means conscription of the most objectionable and stupid kind.

Think of its hardship on poor mothers of large families and its dislocation of trade. And think of this:

There is no need for panic measures. Women will volunteer in adequate numbers when they are sure that the shocking muddles and red-tape absurdities of our defence system have been cleared up.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES, *Bridgend, Glamorganshire*

YOUR WORSHIPS,—For your especial benefit, I must repeat my warning that only the severest penalties will check the growing horror of child cruelty and neglect.

A child, not two years old, was found exhausted and very cold, clad only in a thin nightdress, in a room devoid of furniture. Her father had left the house at 7 a.m. and did not return until nearly midnight.

On the previous day he had turned out his wife and three of their children, but refused to let her take this little girl.

You have sent the callous rogue to jail for two months. Why not for the maximum term of six months?—JOHN BULL.

The COMMITTEE, *Horncastle War Memorial Hospital*

GENTLEMEN,—Taken to your hospital with a fractured skull, a dying cyclist lay for ten hours before being seen by a doctor.

This disclosure "perturbed" the coroner. Had I been in his place I should have used language that would have kept your ears red for a week.

I am aware that many hospitals, like your own, leave the matron to diagnose a case. But the sooner you insist that every patient is examined by a doctor a short time after admittance the sooner shall I be willing to accord you some respect.—JOHN BULL.

Lady SCOTT, *Midhurst, Sussex*

DEAR MADAM,—What a miserable little world you live in!

The scheme for billeting women and children in the country during time of war is the most abominable thing you've come across. You are loud in your protests against sending "the riff-raff" of the towns to genteel Midhurst.

I am very sorry for you. You might get better-informed, I suggest, if you spent a few months among "the riff-raff of the towns."—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., *Minister of Labour*

DEAR SIR,—Please raise your voice, so famous for its strength, in ordering strong action against slave-drivers.

A Porthcawl café proprietor has been fined for employing two girls for 105 hours a week. They were paid 7s. 6d. each with board and lodging.

Such inhumanly long hours are common in many cafés, particularly those owned by aliens. How can we produce an A1 nation while allowing the health of young girls to be ruined?—JOHN BULL.

Rev. CORNWELL ROBERTSON, *Cockfield, Suffolk*

REVEREND SIR,—You appear to be a relic of the bad old days.

You think that raising of the school age is one of the worst laws ever made and a "pure waste of time." You urge parents to try to take their children away from school at fourteen.

In other words, you want to deny youngsters the right of improved education and a better chance in life.

I see that you are the chairman of managers for two schools. You would be!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LESLIE BURGIN, M.P., *Minister of Transport*

DEAR SIR,—"Halt" signs which are just traps for motorists are to be outlawed, I hear. Not before time.

One court collected £700 in a single session recently because of one unfairly placed sign.

There are other types of trap which penalise decent drivers but do nothing to deter the real road hogs. So long as they remain they will disgrace British justice.—JOHN BULL.

MINISTER for WAR: You say Bren guns now being produced at maximum rate. "Maximum" might mean anything. Get a move on.—JOHN BULL.

IS YOUR MONEY BEING WASTED?

They forgot to extend the firing grounds at the armament factories. So guns have to be brought from the north to the south of England for testing and then sent back to the makers!

EVEN before the crisis, Britain had been committed to an armament bill of £1,500,000,000.

That sum may now be doubled.

Have any steps been taken to make profiteering impossible? Will any new safeguards be introduced?

Contractors are queueing up at the doors of the Service Departments for orders. And steep rises in shares of armament firms seem to show that the City does not expect any new and strict control of profit-making in arms.

Grave public disquiet exists on this subject. Disclosures of A.R.P. profiteering during the crisis have made the taxpayer wonder what is going on in other branches of defence.

And new reasons for suspecting that his money is being wasted are contained in the 250,000 words of evidence recently given by leading Civil Servants to the Select Committee on Estimates.

If you studied their statements you would be astonished at the smugness with which the Civil Service regards its efforts to detect and prevent profiteering and exploitation.

Each representative who went into the witness-box said he was quite satisfied that Whitehall officials had sufficient powers to shield the public from being cheated and robbed.

Yet they admitted that only for the supply of certain war materials can they compel contractors to satisfy them that prices are reasonable.

WHO makes the test even when it is possible to apply it? Why, say the Civil Servants, our own accountants and costing clerks, of course. They go into overhead charges and check up costs of labour and materials.

Not for a moment would any of the official witnesses entertain the suggestion that their technical officers might be out of touch with commercial realities.

IT WAS POINTED OUT TO THEM THAT IN EVERY TRADE IT IS NOT UNUSUAL FOR SECRET AGREEMENTS TO BE MADE BETWEEN FIRMS NOT TO UNDERCUT EACH OTHER IN QUOTING PRICES FOR ARMAMENTS.

"Are you, as Civil Servants, completely at the mercy of these tenderers? Or have you got any outside advice—the advice of business men—to tell you what you are being overcharged?"

In one form or another these questions were put to all the Departmental spokesmen

Always their answers were the same. That they had only their technical branches, but were quite satisfied with them as watchdogs.

YET it can be gleaned from the evidence of Mr. E. C. Jubb, Director of Naval Contracts, that all the Defence departments are in a singularly helpless position when dealing with associations or "rings" of manufacturers.

The theory of the Civil Service is that there is complete protection for the taxpayers in the system of putting orders up to competition when more than one contractor can provide supplies.

But Mr. H. C. Gordon, Director of Army Contracts, confessed that it was always a matter of anxiety whether competition was really effective at any time.

Always, he said, they felt doubts about the prices of certain stores, notwithstanding the fact that they had been obtained by lowest tender.

An immense amount of armaments work is being given out to sub-contractors by the firms who obtain the orders.

And, it is revealed, when the main contractors consent to give the Civil Service details of the inclusive price, the portion represented by sub-contractors' costs has to be accepted willy-nilly because the Government inspectors have no means of checking.

THE CIVIL SERVANTS WHO MADE THIS DISCLOSURE SEEMED TAKEN ABACK WHEN IT WAS SHOWN HOW EASY IT WOULD BE FOR THE TWO SETS OF CONTRACTORS TO ACT IN COLLUSION IN SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES AND TO DIVIDE THE SPOILS BETWEEN THEM.

"But that would be immoral, wouldn't it?" was all that the Whitehall expert had to say when confronted with this possibility.

The supply of machine tools has become one of the most important—and most expensive—items of the rearmament programme.

There is absolutely no check upon the prices being charged for them!

They are bought, states the Army Contracts Director, on competitive prices—but only in theory. None of the Service Departments, he admits, is satisfied that the competition is real.

"We have a suspicion," he says, "that it is possible the prices are too high. We have reason to think that, in some cases, they are too high."

FOR this reason the Defence departments have jointly approached the machine tool trade and demanded that the firms should justify their prices.

The result? Point blank refusal.

In no circumstances will they accept the application of a costing system or allow their books to be examined.

One firm of machine tool-makers producing what is almost a proprietary article for the War Department did agree to have its accounts inspected. The actual cost of production and the profit made were discovered.

The size of the profit "came as a shock" to the War Office.

No mention is made of this firm's name. Nor is the extent of the profit indicated. It is not even made known if further orders have been given.

ALL THAT IS DISCLOSED IS THAT THE MATTER IS SO GRAVE THAT THE THREE SERVICES ARE "DISTURBED" LEST MANUFACTURERS ALL ROUND ARE MAKING SUCH SHOCK-CAUSING PROFITS.

Notwithstanding the assertion that it is content with its powers and detection methods, the Civil Service is utterly impotent, on its own admission, to burst this racket—or any other arms racket when those behind it are defiant.

Whatever value the Civil Service may place on it, the Whitehall machinery for tracing illegitimate profits is absolutely ineffective.

Too often, it was shown to the Select Committee, the officers responsible for tracking down profiteers have no information available to enable them to form an opinion whether or not the taxpayers are being tricked by too steep prices.

Throughout the whole enquiry only one glimpse was given of the defence the profiteers put up when they are discovered.

THE EXPLANATION WAS BLUNT. THAT HAY MUST BE MADE WHILE THE SUN SHINES. THAT THEY FEAR THERE WILL BE A SLUMP WHEN THE DEFENCE PROGRAMME IS COMPLETED AND THAT THEY WILL HAVE TO FACE A VERY BAD TIME.

Of course, the worst obstacle in searching for excessive prices is that raised by firms who will not allow their books or production processes to be tested.

Not necessarily, say the Civil Servants, because they are dishonest. Just because they are conservative and have a prejudice against allowing their private affairs to become known to Government authorities.

A case cited is that of a company described as "scientifically very advanced but financially very old-fashioned."

THIS firm is the only source of supply for most important equipment required by the Navy, Army and Air Force.

Again and again, for months past, representatives of the Services have, individually and jointly, approached its directors and pleaded with them to consent to examination and supervision of their manufacturing methods so that an assurance may be obtained that the taxpayers are getting a square deal—particularly because the firm will now have to be entrusted with very much larger orders.

Flat refusal is always the response.

It isn't that this big firm of contractors is afraid of its designs or processes becoming known outside its factories. Nor that trade rivals may come to know its financial strength.

Resistance is inspired solely by a belief that Government departments have no right to be suspicious of manufacturers who are required to supply the nation's needs for defence.

The recalcitrant directors have now declared, once and for all, that they will not further discuss any proposals to investigate their costs, prices or profits.

"We are a firm of individualists," they state. "We have never been unfair. Anyhow, we are not well equipped for this costing process."

IN despair, the Service supply directors have laid the position before the First Lord of the Admiralty, the War Secretary and the Air Minister.

Even these Cabinet Ministers are powerless. They have had to shrug their shoulders and let things go on.

Consider two questions put by the Select Committee to the Whitehall experts and their irreconcilable replies.

First:

Question: What can you do if manufacturers adopt an unreasonable attitude?

Answer: Nothing. In the end, if it is essential that they should supply us, we have no alternative but to accept their prices. We may argue and try to get them down, but, generally speaking, we have to accept their prices.

Next:

Question: Do you consider that the powers of Government departments require to be strengthened in any way?

Answer: We are satisfied with our powers.

THE CIVIL SERVICE MAY BE SATISFIED. THE TAXPAYERS WILL NOT BE SO COMPLACENT ABOUT THE REVELATION THAT THEY CAN BE HELD SO EASILY TO RANSOM.

Sir Isidore Salmon, chairman of the Select Committee, hinted during the proceedings that it might be necessary to recommend the Government to take statutory powers to compel arms manufacturers to disclose their costs of production.

You will search the quarter-of-a-million-words report of the Committee in vain for any such recommendation.

You will continue to pay on the old basis.

TO ALL MANAGERS AND PROPRIETORS OF HOTELS

Please take notice

Dear Sir or Madam,

On the 28th of September last I was in London; it was then touch and go as to whether we had war or peace. There was no panic, but the streets leading to stations were very full of Taxis, Cars, etc., conveying children, nurses, luggage and anxious parents sending their loved ones to what they hoped would be a place of safety; the same thing was taking place in most danger centres.

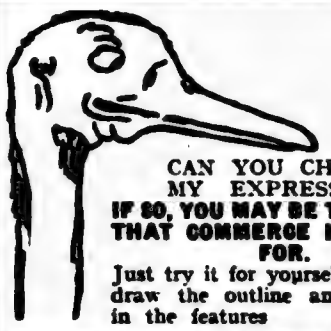
I remember saying to myself, "Father and perhaps Mother also will put their darlings safely into the train and with a forced-up smile will say good-bye, but when the train is out of sight, who can measure Mother's anguish or the kiddies' suppressed fears? Will they ever see each other again? Is there such a thing as a place of safety?"

My first thought was, "Can't I lend a hand?" My next was, "Where are they going?" To friends, some to hotels? Then the idea came to me. Hotels and friends will have a heavy responsibility, a very heavy responsibility, and should the occasion arise, it will obviously be the duty of every Hotel Manager to make the best of his premises so as to safeguard his residents and his own family, for which purpose he must know something of A.R.P. work. He must know what to do and how to do it—quickly.

As a national institution, The Bennett College, Sheffield, has for a long time been teaching A.R.P. work to the Police, Firemen, A.R.P. Wardens and Lecturers Free, for which purpose a special department has been created. In the interests of the nation, we are now prepared to extend this offer of a Free Course of training in A.R.P. work to all Managers of Hotels, their Night Porters or Watchmen, also to Managers, Firemen or Watchmen of any large concern where there are a number of residents or a large staff. Should you or any of your officials or acquaintances who come under this heading desire to take the Course Free, please notify us as to the number of Free enrolment forms required, and they will be sent by return.

Signed on behalf of the Governors of
The Bennett College, Sheffield.

J. H. Bennett



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A. G. GARDINER SAYS

WE HAVE LOST 20 YEARS

Much of Britain's safety will depend upon Sir John Anderson, our new Minister of Civilian Defence. But other shrewd and experienced brains are needed by the Cabinet!

THE twentieth anniversary of Armistice Day summons the nation to face the gravest issue in its history.

No one who experienced the thrilling emotions of November 11, 1918, could have conceived the astounding transformation with which the world is confronted to-day.

The long agony of the War was over. Germany, defeated and disarmed, was in the dust, the Kaiser a fugitive, the people broken and despairing.

With the power of Prussian militarism overthrown, we looked forward to an era of peace, not to be broken in our time.

Under the shelter of the League of Nations a reign of law and justice would be established over the face of the earth.

"The Parliament of man, the federation of the world," dreamed of by Tennyson, seemed in sight.

Universal disarmament would come, and we could beat our swords into ploughshares. We were on the eve of the most splendid chapter in the history of civilisation.

And to-day, twenty years after, the roseate dream has turned to a nightmare.

The League is in the dust. Germany, armed to the teeth, bestrides Europe as a conqueror. War, waged with a barbarity that has no parallel in human annals, rages from China to Spain.

The Great God Gun dominates the earth, and every nation has become an arsenal, working day and night lest the terror should come and find it unprepared.

INTO the causes of this tragic failure of human wisdom and human hopes it is not my purpose to enter here.

It is more profitable to face the stark facts of the situation and try to fashion a policy of appeasement in accordance with them.

The core of the problem is now, as in 1914, Germany. Having beaten her in war and having failed to make a just peace with her while she was disarmed, we are now confronted with a resurrected Germany with which we have to deal as the most formidable Power in Europe.

The task is not easy. She has taken the bit in her teeth, has renounced all the machinery of the League (not without excuse), has adopted defiantly the argument of force, has torn the Treaty of Versailles to ribbons, and has annexed such territories as she claims to be entitled to in Central Europe without argument and without consent.

For it would be mere self-deception to pretend that the Munich agreement was an agreement by consent. It was a dictated peace as much as that of Versailles.

Nor has Hitler reached the end of his programme. What of the future?

Two courses only are possible for us. One is to treat lawless aggression as a crime with which there can be no compromise and to prepare to challenge it when it has become intolerable.

This means a state of armed peace, of deepening fear and growing hostility which must eventuate in war.

The other is to make an attempt to come to terms with the aggressive Power and find an agreed solution to the outstanding problems without resort to force.

It is the latter course to which Mr. Chamberlain has committed this country.

In the circumstances which the lamentable handling of the German problem by successive Governments in this country and in France during the past twenty years had created, it is difficult to complain of his choice.

He pocketed his pride, went to Canossa and staked his reputation on a desperate bid for peace.

And in doing so he revealed one essential condition of ultimate success.

His action evoked such a universal horror at the imminence of war, and such a wave of thanksgiving at the passing of the shadow of war, not in one country only but in all countries, as cannot fail to influence the future.

Should a similar crisis unfortunately arise, the peoples will be in no doubt as to who are the warmakers and who are the peacemakers.

There are two aspects of the policy to which we are now committed. The first is to secure peace with the dictators by negotiation.

The other is to make our defences so formidable that an appeal to force by the aggressor Powers will be too desperate a gamble to risk.

NEGLECT of the latter precaution during the past five years is mainly responsible for the position that the world is in to-day.

That neglect is one of the most incredible stories of history, for it was pursued with the full knowledge of Hitler's intentions, and in the face of the repeated revelation by Mr. Churchill of Germany's colossal secret preparations for war.

Had those revelations, now gathered in a volume which will be historic, been listened to and acted on, the whole course of European events would have been changed.

But they were ignored and discounted as scare-mongering, with the result that when the challenge came our defensive system, except the Navy, was found to be grossly inadequate.

This was especially the case in regard to defence against air attack, the deficiencies of which are now notorious.

Since the air is our most vulnerable front, those deficiencies must be repaired with all possible speed.

It is gratifying to know that one phase of this great matter, the safety of the civilian population, has at last been taken seriously in hand.

THE appointment of Sir John Anderson as Minister of Civilian Defence is, I hope, an indication that at last the best brains of the country, men of the calibre and experience of Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. Frank Pick, are to be enlisted for the vital services of the State.

It would add to public confidence also if—short of a drastic reconstruction of the Government on really national lines—a Committee of Foreign Policy and Defence, composed of Parliamentary representatives of all parties and working under a pledge of secrecy, were appointed.

Such a committee could study the problems of security and of the terms by which we should stand in any coming negotiations.

With our defensive system as invulnerable as we can make it, and with a clearly defined policy of action worked out to the last detail, we should enter those negotiations, not as suppliants going to Canossa, but as a great Power intent on the peaceful solution of all outstanding questions.

In that solution we must be prepared to make sacrifices that we should refuse to make at the point of the sword, but that we ought to be ready to make as a real contribution to the restoration of public law and international co-operation.

If Germany is as sincere in her desire for peace as this country is, it should not pass the wit of statesmanship to solve all territorial questions and to reach a common agreement on such urgent matters as the abolition of air warfare and the scaling down of those armaments that are bleeding the nations white.

And from this beginning it should be possible to restore on a securer foundation than in the past that collective security without which permanent order and peace cannot be established.

Only in this way can we hope that the next twenty years will redeem the tragedy of the twenty years that are past

Human Machine

Just What You Want

HAVE you ever thought of planning your attitude to life?

Has it ever occurred to you that life is not how it finds you, but how you meet it?

Did you ever consciously try to organise your mental forces to attack the problem of living?

Have you ever made a plan?

Well, these are a lot of questions. It's a hundred to one that the answer to all of them is a shamefaced "No."

And well it may be shamefaced! If you were going to start a journey across the world you would consult your guide books and maps: you would ask advice from those who have undergone similar experiences: you would go to an immense amount of trouble to ensure that your journey should be as smooth and comfortable as possible.

Yet a journey across the world is a child's picnic compared with your journey through life—and about the latter you are criminally careless.

* * *

You "trust to luck." You "hope for the best." You "muddle through."

Why? You don't have to. You—and you alone—have the power to plan just what you will do.

You have the priceless gift of being able to determine beforehand what your attitude towards to-morrow will be, and you have illimitable resources within you to ensure that whatever you determine shall in fact be.

You can, for instance, view things cheerfully or gloomily. You can look forward with hope or with despair. Who but you has the power to determine which attitude you shall adopt?

* * *

An "attitude" of mind—which is only another way of saying "a way of looking at life"—is a habit, like any other habit.

You can learn to concentrate. You can learn to be tidy. You can learn to be observant and diligent and careful.

Well, you can just as easily learn to be cheerful and hopeful. Habits grow by use. They mature and become fixed by using them.

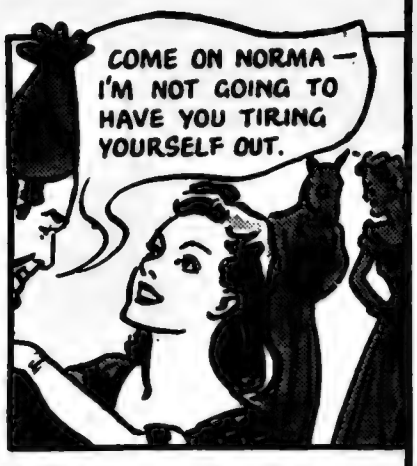
It is no good saying: "I can't help my thoughts." You can. To say otherwise is to admit not only weakness, but inexcusable laziness.

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 19

Romance comes to Norma

The public flocked to see Norma Knight, London's new star.



And Humphrey would hardly let her out of his sight.

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DO YOU THINK YOU COULD LIKE ME AS A LIFE PARTNER, NORMA?
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A STAR PART, HUMPHREY
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INDIGESTION	SLEEPLESSNESS	SCIATICA	NEURASTHENIA

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The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-
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ARSENAL'S HEADMASTER

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

This week: George Allison

WHEN Arsenal is beaten, I'm glad, because it is Arsenal. Yet, when Arsenal is beaten, I am sorry, because it is George Allison.

Arsenal, you see, is the most hated football club in the country. It is rich. It is always in the news. You cannot escape it.

When it wins—well, we expected it. When it loses, we say "Arsenal whacked again!"

Little did George Allison dream when, in his 'teens, he started to write for the "North-Eastern Gazette" reports of the minor football matches in which he himself played, that, in the end, it would lead him to a place where, on the air, he would describe the matches of his own club to countless millions of people.

When, as a youth, he played at Stockton, the games attracted perhaps 30 or 40 people. Arsenal matches sometimes draw 75,000.

In Stockton, George wrote a few lines for half a crown or so. Now, whenever he talks on the air, people write in pages of reminiscence from all over the Commonwealth.

IF he says "Bastin shoots," his voice is heard by fishermen on the Dogger Bank, in hospitals and blind homes.

When first I met George Allison—that was in 1906, when he came to London—he was just a young, eager reporter. Now he is the only survivor of intimates who, in old Fleet Street days, called me by my family name.

It was his refusal to be just a sporting reporter that got him on. When he heard that officers sent to the States to play polo for the Whitney Cup were to be brought home to take part in the procession at the Coronation of George V, he actually dared to follow Kitchener, then head of the Army Council and a most stand-offish person who would make most reporters faint, to a private dinner and send in a written demand for an explanation.

Kitchener's reply won for George a job as a real journalist.

Yet, from his first days in London, he followed the Arsenal. For years he wrote the notes in the club programmes.

At the end of the war he became a director, and then when, nearly five years ago, Herbert Chapman died, George, to the surprise of Fleet Street, took on the job of following, as manager, the best-known man in football.

He took on a devil of a task.

"What on earth does Allison know about it?" people asked. "Why, he's only a reporter!"

THEY little knew the troubles facing him. Many of the leading Arsenal players were "dying on their feet," to use his own words. He had to rebuild the team. He had to bang the drum even louder than Chapman had done it.

He had to win the Cup every year, or else get blamed for it. He had to do everything that was right, and, even when he did it, it was wrong.

Well, anyway, during George's five years as Highbury boss, Arsenal has won the championship three times and the Cup once.

So Allison hasn't done so badly.

If any other team had done it, they would say it was marvellous. Because it is Arsenal, it is taken for granted.

Now Allison's trouble is that, while there are probably only 25,000 Arsenal supporters—that is, people who would go and see them regularly with dog-like devotion, whether they won or lost—he has to draw to Highbury at least 40,000 people every fortnight, or Arsenal is losing money. There must be a £3,000 gate, if it is to pay.

While there are Arsenal fans who follow the team to every match, driving, say, to Stoke in their cars overnight, Arsenal, more than any other team, attracts thousands of casual spectators who know little or nothing about the game.

I know one man who told me he had seen Arsenal play that afternoon, and yet, when I said, "Who were they playing?" admitted he did not know!

Allison's other great trouble is that every team that plays Arsenal regards it as a Cup Final.

"We'll show the swine!" they say.

Arsenal, you see, are regarded as wealthy, and too dominating. So every match is a needle game. And, if you examined the records, you would find that in 80 per cent. of the cases a team is beaten the Saturday after it has played Arsenal.

"We love to knock you off your perch," say winning players, time after time. "We play twice as well against you as in any other game."

It's nice for them—but bad for Arsenal.

As for George Allison, he sits in fear of injuries to his men. It's not nice, if you are the manager, to see your pet £6,000 forward knocked out of playing for a month—"just to show Arsenal."

Allison, as Arsenal's manager, has to be not only a man of business but a professor, a doctor, a psycho-analyst, a father confessor.

His forty-two professional players, if sold in a normal market, not suddenly as a job lot, would fetch perhaps £100,000. The Arsenal property is worth three times that sum.

Leading footballers are more like prima-donnas than you know. Often they are jealous, sometimes spiteful. Some have to be led, some have to be driven.

Allison has to know their family affairs. Very tactfully, he has to pry out the source of trouble. And, all the time, the team has to be kept in the pink of condition.

And there goes on unceasingly the search for potential talent. Although Allison himself attends perhaps only a score of games a year specially to find new players, he has a dozen scouts always out.

Three are attached to headquarters, waiting to be sent somewhere at a minute's notice; the rest go out on their own. These twelve men compete with about 500 other scouts employed by teams in the four divisions of the League.

"Hundreds of letters come in every year telling us of a new genius," George told me once. "Not one is ignored. Usually, of course, the swans are geese, or even ducks. But, so keen is the competition, we must track down every one."

Even the twelve ground boys employed at Highbury have all played in international schoolboy matches. One of them may turn out to be a Bastin or a Drake. You cannot tell. . . .

ALLISON, in spite of his fame, would, I am sure, rather be back in Fleet Street with the boys. Whenever we meet, we discuss not Bryn Jones and Bastin, but Edgar Wallace and Philip Gibbs.

There is greater comradeship among reporters than footballers. They know how to laugh at themselves. And George says, not "We beat 'em last Saturday," but "D'you remember the scoop over. . . .?"

Mind you, I would best like to see George at Highbury running his class. All the star footballers have to sit on forms while George, very serious, stands beside a magnetic board on which he moves half-backs, forwards and even the referee about, showing how if Cumner passes to Drake and he toes it to Bastin, he will shoot a goal—if the goalkeeper falls down!

It is quite easy, of course—on the blackboard.

Then I would like to see George holding the hand of some disgruntled forward, patting him when he pours out tears of woe. . . . .

I would like to watch him when the masseur is at work, kneading some beefy half-back into slimness and saying "Get off two more pounds."

He himself enjoys it best when the crowds are pouring into Highbury, and, beaming his broadest smile, he says, "Thank you, my dear public!"

There is a queue outside every turnstile. Soon, the grandstand will be crammed. In a few minutes a great roar will go up. And George, counting the house, will say, "Well, we've taken £4,000 to-day, boys."

Floods Are Here Again!

DEAD from the sou'-west, the wind blew damp and cold. Intermittently, for several days, it had been dropping in heavy rain the water it had picked up in its whistling trans-Atlantic journey.

Under these dismal conditions a Liverpool family that had spent some time away from home approached its own house—comforted by the fact that "we'll soon have a warm fire going, anyway."

But that comfort was not to be theirs.

They entered their street to find it flooded. Heavy downpour earlier in the day had been more than the drains could cope with. Their ground-floor was submerged.

It had hidden the carpets in a muddy sheet. Furniture, books, even shoes had been ruined by it. It surrounded the hearth from which they had expected such cheer and warmth.

All day they fought to make home conditions at least tolerable—but the sou'-wester still continued to fold its dank fingers round their home.

Home became really home at last when a certain letter dropped through the letter-box.

It was from JOHN BULL. It was a cheque forwarded under our unique free family insurance gift to enable that family to restore their home to its pre-flood condition.

By the simple act of signing a coupon in JOHN BULL—a coupon which awaits your signature on page 14 of this issue—that family and household had secured the comprehensive protection of our unrivalled scheme—and we paid.

What would happen to you and yours if such things had happened to you? Better turn to page 14 *now*.

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Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

Huge Car Purchase Frauds

The head of our Investigation Department draws aside the curtain of what seemed a dull, complicated commercial fraud trial at the Old Bailey and unmasks one of the most callous crooks in the country

FOR more than twenty years Thomas Henry Webb, boorish but nimble-witted Yorkshireman, has been swindling and trampling on anyone who crossed his path.

Punishment, long overdue, at last caught up with him last week when he was hurried from the dock of the Old Bailey to serve three years' penal servitude.

Three other men, involved in his last and most ambitious fraud, went with him.

Anthony Morris Ryman was sentenced to three years' penal servitude, George John Dawson to 18 months' imprisonment, and Arthur Herman Herts to 12 months' imprisonment.

They conspired to defraud the Assurance Finance Trust, of Regent Street, London, by bogus motor-car hire-purchase deals.

Several times in his long cavalcade of cheating JOHN BULL's searchlight has been turned on Webb.

Two short spells in jail—three months and nine months—did not worry him.

While his sham companies crashed in bankruptcy or wriggled through well-timed voluntary liquidation, he always managed to retain plenty of money, and lived in luxury.

Only during his two short sojourns in prison was he without his champagne and cigars, his women friends, and his sumptuous food.

He indulged his expensive habits even while he ran a marathon race through the bankruptcy courts. Four times in five years he filed his petition, and it seems a travesty of justice that he was able to secure his discharge so easily and rapidly on three occasions, and be free to return to his plundering.

Finally, when he was unable to shake off the legal restrictions following his fourth failure, he resorted to his most despicable ruse.

He would pick up some poor down-and-out wretch, rig him up with clothes, and use him as a cat's-paw to obtain registration for his hollow concerns.

Nearly all of them used the motor-car sale and hire-purchase business as a screen for a variety of frauds.

In addition to making huge hauls by sharp practice—faking up worn-out vehicles to sell at a big profit and so on—he obtained thousands of pounds by almost every commercial trick imaginable.

LARGE deposits were obtained for lorries and omnibuses. Many were never delivered. Others were proved to be patched-up crocks.

But Webb planned his frauds so cleverly that the only answer his victims had was costly litigation with scant chance of finding any assets they could seize.

Nothing shamed him. He showed the most callous indifference to the plight of his dupes, and cursed them into the bargain.

He started his swindling from small offices in the North shortly after the war.

When he came to London in search of wider scope, he installed himself in large, extravagantly furnished offices with addresses which were likely to impress.

Pall Mall, Regent Street, and Waterloo Place were some of them.

At one time he was associated with five different ventures, all controlled from the same building in Regent Street.

He made the loose company law of that time his merry playground.

Sir Joseph Napier, elected to the board of the Assurance Finance Trust by a large body of shareholders, discovered Ryman's share in the conspiracy.

Here's one trick from his bulging bag of roguery which shows how he juggled.

An Essex firm of oil distributors issued a writ against the Waterloo Motor Company to recover a £600 deposit paid for motor lorries which had been found to be utter junk.

They had negotiated with a Mr. Butler who had represented himself as a partner.

When they started proceedings they could discover no mention of him in the firm's registration.

A man named Silver was shown as proprietor, and, after the writ was served at the company's office, it was acknowledged by Silver—from his cell in prison!

He was one of the down-and-out dummies whom Webb had found ragged and penniless at Brighton.

Beyond allowing his name to be used as proprietor, he knew nothing about the company's shady transactions.

Butler, as you may have guessed, was Webb.

About four years ago, Webb linked up with the business which figured in the big frauds laid bare during the three weeks' trial at the Old Bailey.

WEBB joined with Dawson, and used his name in registering a firm as G. J. Dawson (Clapham), Ltd., of 125, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

As he was an undischarged bankrupt, Webb styled himself a salesman, but he was the brains behind the scenes.

Two or three years before, Dawson had been a rag-and-bone man trundling his handcart round the streets of Bermondsey.

Suddenly, as if touched by some fairy-wand, he became affluent and opened a business in second-hand motor-cars in Holland Street, Clapham.

The wizard who wielded the "fairy-wand" was Webb, preparing yet another screen for his future exploits.

When G. J. Dawson (Clapham), Ltd., was formed, Dawson was shown as managing director and holder of most of the nominal share capital, which totalled £500.

Those who had known him in his rag-and-bone days were startled by his transformation.

He appeared in well-cut clothes, and seemed to have plenty of money in his pockets.

Soon he moved from his humble house in Bermondsey to an imposing residence in King's Avenue, Clapham, which he bought for a sum around £3,000.

At his trial last week he admitted having owned some of the most expensive makes of cars as well as an aeroplane.

He spoke of luxury holidays on the Riviera—and, almost in the same breath, he stated that a letter, referred to in evidence, had been given to his secretary "to put into good English"!

For a while the Dawson (Clapham) business was the same old racket, with Webb ringing the changes on his usual dodges.

Typical was the experience of two Northumberland men who bought a second-hand 'bus for passenger-carrying.

Webb, as the plausible salesman, assured them it was a bargain for £200 cash.

He took the two men to the bank to have their cheque specially cleared, and they set out with the 'bus on the journey home.

It broke down on the outskirts of London, and it was only after frequent repairs that they reached Northumberland.

Excuses and endless promises were all that could be wrung out of Dawson (Clapham), Ltd., and the final shock came when they learned from the Metropolitan Traffic Commissioners that the vehicle had been suspended from passenger-carrying more than twelve months before.

Then, about two years ago, Webb reached out for bigger prey, and took the first steps that led to Nemesis.

Dawson (Clapham), Ltd., began extensive transactions with hire-purchase financing companies, including the Assurance Finance Trust, of which Ryman was then managing director.

Many of the deals, for which money was obtained in this way, were wholly fictitious.

The conspiracy was exposed by one of Webb's sharp practice tricks, in another direction, going wrong.

DAWSON (CLAPHAM), LTD., bought nine large motor vehicles from the United Automobile Services Ltd., of King's Cross, London, for £900.

Instalment payments were soon in arrears. There were the old well-tried excuses, but U.A.S., Ltd., promptly issued a writ.

Then came the customary legal wriggles until eventually U.A.S., Ltd., were advised that it was no use distraining on the Clapham Road premises because someone else had a prior claim to everything there.

Joining with another creditor they succeeded in obtaining a winding-up order.

In this way the whole ramshackle affair was ripped wide open.

Mixed up in it was a £20,000 debenture, in Dawson's name, on all the property of Dawson (Clapham), Ltd.

Between February and September last £70,000 had been paid over by the Assurance Finance Trust, most of the cheques being signed by Ryman.

One big cheque from the Assurance Trust was paid into the account of a company named Betty Sheldon, and from this account a payment of £1,000 was traced to Ryman.

HE had formed the Trust in 1931 with £2,000 capital, and in six years he saw it grow to an important public company with shares valued at £500,000.

It was when Sir Joseph Napier and other financial experts joined the company on behalf of a large body of shareholders that Ryman's share in the swindle was discovered.

He was dismissed from his position of managing director at the end of last year.

Herts, who had been employed by Ryman as an agent, used some trumpery little companies he had formed to bolster up the conspiracy.

Through it all darted the cunning mind of Thomas Henry Webb.

All along he was confident that he could as usual sneak out by the back way and leave others to take the blame.

He's Shy of the Camera!

Thomas Henry Webb never did like being photographed. He has always preferred to keep hidden in the background and masquerade under various names.

Here you see him fleeing for cover when he spotted the photographer.

It will be a long time before he will be bothered again by the camera. His deserved punishment has come after a long run of twenty years' swindling.

No trick was too shabby for him, and time and again he lured some poor down-and-out wretch to act as a cat's-paw.

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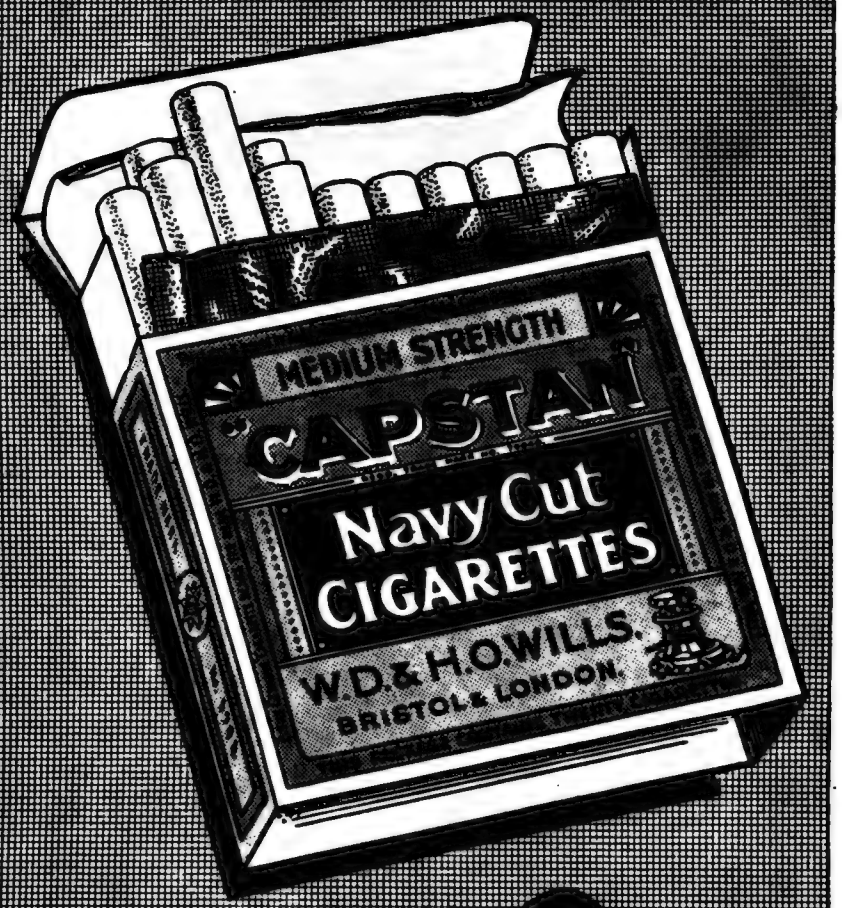

THE DEMAND INCREASES DAILY

—W.D. & H.O. Wills

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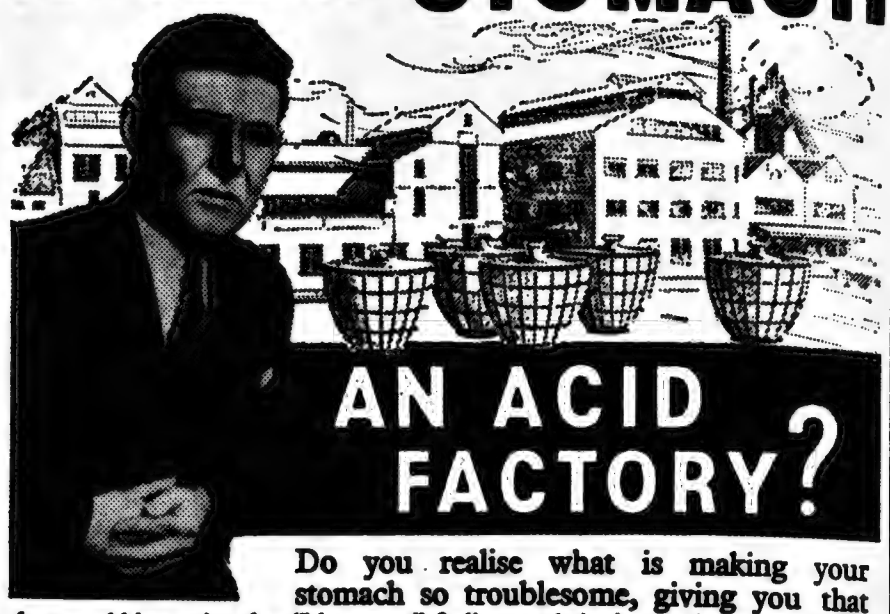
IS YOUR STOMACH AN ACID FACTORY?



Do you realise what is making your stomach so troublesome, giving you that sharp stabbing pain, that "blown-out" feeling, or bringing on heartburn when you eat? Never dismiss these symptoms as "just a touch of Indigestion." They are Nature's way of protesting against an excess of acid in your stomach. In fact, your stomach is becoming quite an acid factory.

To put your stomach right again you must first neutralise this excess acid. But that is not all. **You must stop any further excess production of this deadly fluid.** If you don't you may be in for a painful gastric or duodenal ulcer.

When food is in your stomach, the gastric juice required to carry on digestion enters and does its work. But if excess acid is present the gastric juice often flows in even when the sufferer's stomach is empty. The delicate stomach lining is thus exposed to added danger.

Treating your stomach with strong or ill-balanced alkali is both useless and harmful. What you need is the gentle healing effect of the perfectly balanced alkalies in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. They neutralise the excess acid, stop its destructive work, soothe and protect inflamed or damaged tissue, **and quietly correct the abnormal condition which has been producing the excessive flow of acid.**

Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. It is only genuine if it has the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets, and handy 9d. tins of Tablets for the pocket.

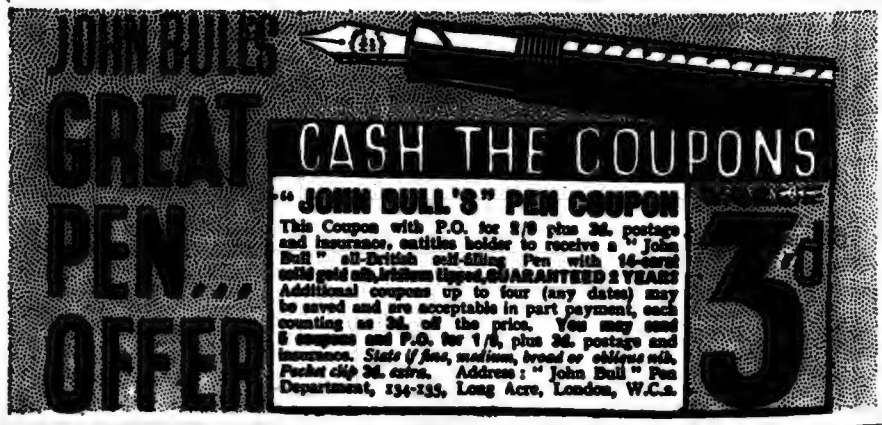
Look for the signature—Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Maclean Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

P.S. Don't forget to look into John Bull's Shop Window—you always find bargains there.

See pages 2, 3 & 4.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Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

Amazing Air Crook Exposed

JUST outside Bath, on the Frome road, a man sits in a small office dreaming of the day when he will control his own aerodrome and flying school.

Alistair Pringle Fraser is the name he goes by, and he talks to many people about his dreams because he wants to share them.

Of course, visions of aerodromes can only come true if someone supplies the money. Mr. Fraser makes that quite clear.

What he does not vouchsafe with equal frankness is that his dreams, stretching back over many years, have had some queer interruptions.

Perhaps also that is why he calls himself Alistair Pringle Fraser, when his real name is George Williams.

Anyway, when I have taken you back past a few milestones in the career of this dreamer, you will agree that it is time he was brought down to earth again.

For years he has been hoodwinking with this aerodrome and flying school myth, and a great many men have wakened up from time to time to find themselves poorer by hundreds of pounds.

He has been convicted several times—once for bigamy in addition to false pretences.

His most amazing exploit was staged in South Wales only last year.

He gave flying lessons at 30s. an hour in a 'plane which was eventually described by an Air Ministry expert as "dangerous and quite unfit to fly."

The defects included a damaged fuselage and broken ribs on one of the wings.

Yet he started, at a small place named Caerwent, what he chose to call an aerodrome and flying school.

This death-trap aeroplane was the only one he had.

It seems incredible, but pupils rushed for lessons, and one doctor, who had nineteen flights, paid £15 in fees!

Another local man put £500 into the enterprise.

When the reckoning came there were no fewer than eighty-one counts in the charges of unlawfully flying an unregistered aircraft and using an unlicensed aerodrome.

Policemen are no strangers to this audacious airman, Alistair Pringle Fraser; and may be he'll be in trouble again unless he forsakes his latest dreams and comes down to earth!

He got off with a fine of £25 at the Monmouthshire Sessions.

Shortly afterwards, as Alistair Pringle Fraser, he started another flying school at Tething, Gloucestershire.

A few months ago he left the district owing considerable debts.

So this crook aviator has nose-dived his way through life for the last twenty years.

He was born at Inverness forty-eight years ago. At the age of twenty he went to Australia and there learned to fly.

After serving in the Australian Air Force during the war he returned to this country.

It was then he discovered he had the knack of persuading people to put up money for business schemes.

He soon tripped up, though, and he was imprisoned for false pretences.

The next time he was caught he was given three years' penal servitude.

About two years after he was free he opened his first flying school at Wenvoe, near Cardiff. He was using the name of George Williams then.

Partners were sought by advertisement and a number of men invested sums ranging from £50 to £150.

This venture ended dramatically.

It was discovered that Williams had married a girl near Pontypool while his wife was still alive.

He was arrested, and when tried for both fraud and bigamy he was sentenced to fourteen months' hard labour.

After this he assumed the name of "Arthur Hall" and opened a garage in Cardiff and then branched out as a bookmaker in Regent Street, London.

* * *

He lasted there just long enough to induce two men to entrust him with money as a security for employment and then disappeared.

In 1935 he was back in the flying business. His company, Airads, professed mammoth plans for sky-writing advertisements.

After securing the usual investment it went the way of all the rest of his wild-cat promotions.

So you see why it will be safer to let Alistair Pringle Fraser (née George Williams) weave his own dreams in his tiny office near Bath.

Left to Die—Parents' Poignant Protest

"I want to appeal to you to help in this terrible tragedy which has befallen us.

"If we can obtain an improvement in the ambulance arrangements we shall feel that the sacrifice of our son has not been wholly in vain, and that perhaps some other souls may be saved the agony we have suffered."

THE simple poignancy of this letter must affect you as it has done me.

It comes from the parents of twenty-one-years old James Stubbs, of Ings Road, Hull, who was a R.A.F. engine fitter.

For ninety minutes he was left dying on the road-side because Hull police refused to send an ambulance to a road crash just outside the city boundary.

Of course, the coroner said, "It was a scandalous thing," and the jury expressed the opinion that "some better arrangements should be made with regard to ambulances."

Supt. Goodrich, Chief of the Ambulance Depot, explained that two of the three police ambulances were out that night, and if the other had been sent out of Hull there would not have been one to send to a local accident.

So it goes on, this ever-recurring tragic muddle of red tape.

"It was outside our area" is the damning epitaph of tragedy after tragedy.

Can you wonder that parents like those of young Stubbs cry out in their suffering?

Go at once if you are called. That should be the only code for ambulance services.

Public Benefactor

Readers can help enormously in stopping swindles and exposing injustice.

I am always grateful for their assistance, and I make a special cash award for what I consider the most valuable information each week.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

This week the £1 1s. goes to Mr. A. Bedford, 66, Caxton Street, Market Harborough.

If and When

MRS. G. HEWITSON, of Midland Bank Chambers, Station Road, Urmston, Manchester, is one of those good-hearted souls who feels she must share her good fortune with others.

She claims, on the authority of her accountant, Mr. C. Worsnup, that £27,619 would have been won in football pools by her permutations in three weeks.

But wait—the sentence does not quite end there. This disappointing line must be added: IF they had been entered.

Still, she is so confident that she has started the Private Pools Club, so that others can join in when the dividends really come home.

Her idea is a syndicate of 60 one pound shares each week for a minimum period of six weeks.

Mrs. Hewitson undertakes to fill up the 14,400 entries every week "assisted by mathematicians under the direction of a man now holding a responsible position in one of our universities."

* * *

One of my investigators found that she is carrying out this big task in a small office with little furniture beyond a table and a few chairs.

She is, she says, "contemplating some clerical assistance."

Really, really, Mrs. Hewitson!

You Have Been Warned!

HERE'S a new one.

Young man, well dressed, good appearance, drives up to a country inn in a smart car.

Calls for a glass of beer and a packet of cigarettes. After feeling in his pockets, asks a man standing near him in the bar if he can oblige him with a match.

When a box is handed to him, he says: "You are a lucky man. I have to hand you 5s. That is all I do—go round handing out these presents to people I find using our matches. Just a new little advertisement scheme we have."

Then he calls for drinks for everyone in the bar, finds he is short of change, gets the proprietor to change a cheque for £5 and off he goes.

Cheque, of course, is worthless!

* * *

PEOPLE who think they can write are constantly being told they can earn good money by this and that method.

Mr. L. A. Long, of 33A, Haven Green, London, W., quite frankly turns it round the other way.

He asks for contributors willing to pay 2d. a line for anything he publishes in a new periodical, "The Chest," which he hopes will appear before Christmas!

"Nothing refused unless (in the editor's opinion) it is deleterious," he says.

Good word that, but to me it seems just 2d. a line too expensive.

* * *

AMAZING that anyone should still have anything to do with Captain Frederick Russell and his domestic agencies bluff.

He had to be flung out of Hastings County Court the other day because of his insulting attitude to Judge Archer when cases concerning some of his latest victims were being heard.

The Multiple Domestic Agencies, Western Road, Hove, Sussex, is the concern from which he is operating now, and I most strongly warn everyone to keep clear of it.

Women who were induced to invest their savings in his earlier enterprises are still trying to recover their money.

And the Health Ministry Approves!

IN spite of a doctor's stinging criticism of huts built for fruit and vegetable pickers at Boreham Hall, near Chelmsford. Nothing can be done apparently, because they conform with the standard laid down by the Ministry of Health.

Yet, Dr. R. W. Willocks, of Chelmsford, described all twenty-four of the huts as "a perfect disgrace—not fit for animals to be housed in." He added that they ought never to have been built.

A man and a woman, allowed by the foreman of the estate to take temporary shelter in one of the huts, were bound over for neglecting a twelve-months-old child.

They had been living in a tent near by and went to live in the hut during very wet weather.

While I can appreciate the motives of the foreman, the fact remains that Dr. Willocks considers the huts utterly unfit for human beings even during the fruit-picking season.

* * *

Apart from the doors, there is no ventilation, no windows, and the floors are just earth.

If this is what the Ministry of Health regards as suitable accommodation for workers in the fruit-picking season then it is time it drastically revised its ideas.

EARLY RISERS!

HATING TO GET UP MEANS THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG

When you hate getting up it spoils your whole morning—and that pile of work seems twice life-size. Why not do something about it?

It's not natural to be grumpy, fuddle-headed, in the morning—and there's no need

SO you think it's natural to hate getting up? When you were a child you *loved* getting up—it meant the start of a new day, more fun, more things to see and do. You're still that same happy person at heart—and if you don't *feel* the same, *there's something wrong with you.*

The trouble is that now you're grown up you have to bear your own worries and troubles, you get a bit nervy at times, get a touch of indigestion.

As a result you don't sleep in the same contented, dreamless way you used to—and wake up feeling fuddle-headed and miserable.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH REVEALS THE REMEDY

A strange but true fact (revealed by scientific research into the causes and nature of sleep) is that while getting to sleep *your body actually asks for energy*—and to supply it you must have a satisfying meal at supper-time. That's why thousands of early risers drink Bournville Cocoa at supper-time. With Bournville even a light meal satisfies you because 'cocoa makes every meal go further.' And while giving you that necessary energy, Bournville soothes the nerves and looks after your digestion as well. So that you wake in the morning feeling as you did when a child, without a trace of tiredness or thick-headedness, glad to be alive and welcoming the new day as you should.

No more brain-daze and bad temper in the mornings now Bournville Cocoa at supper-time looks after sleep, nerves and digestion.

Thousands of early risers drink Bournville Cocoa at supper-time. It safeguards sleep, makes early rising a joy.

CADBURYS

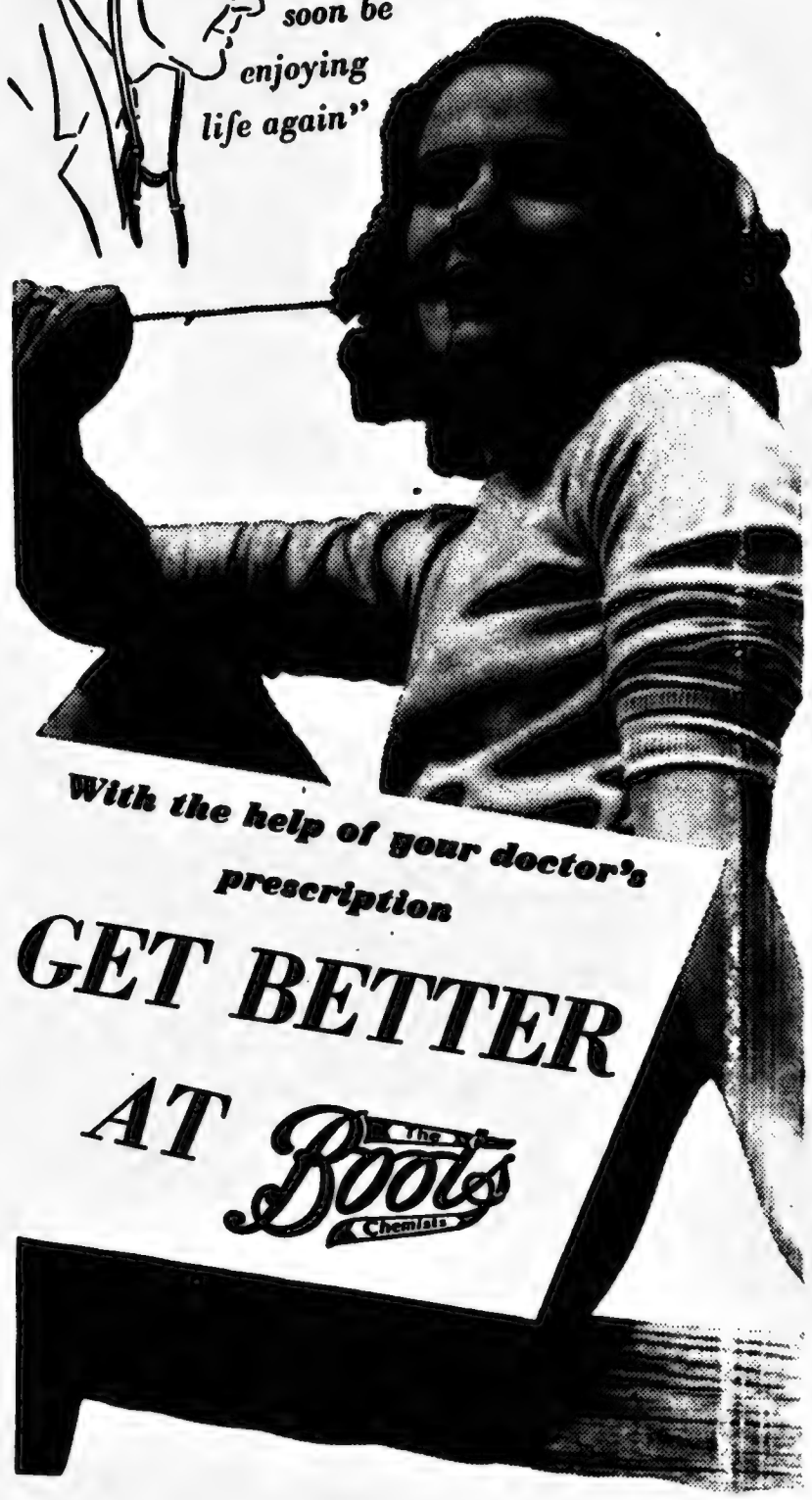
Bournville Cocoa

6d a ¼ lb (Makes 28 cups)

A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

That's why 'cocoa makes every meal go further'

"No need to worry—get this prescription made up at your chemist's and you'll soon be enjoying life again"



With the help of your doctor's prescription

GET BETTER AT Boots Chemists

When you're ill, the most important piece of paper in the world is your doctor's prescription. These words and figures, prepared so carefully to meet your special needs, are your passport back to health. So, after you have seen your doctor, take his prescription straight to Boots. There it will be made up without delay from pure, fresh materials, with a fully qualified chemist to see that every tiny particular is followed with faithful care. And in Boots there is an atmosphere of sympathy and interest that is a genuine encouragement towards getting well again.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM

BP.134.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOUR—4

By a "John Bull" Investigator

A sturdy Belgian worker shows he can laugh in spite of hard times

It is still "GALLANT LITTLE BELGIUM"

HUBERT lives in a village a few miles outside Brussels.

His forefathers lived there a hundred years ago when Belgium broke away from the rule of Holland to become an independent nation, with its inviolability guaranteed by the other Powers in a document that was later to become known as "a scrap of paper."

Hubert received his calling-up papers there as a lad of twenty-one, in that fateful August when the German hordes were being flung against the forts of Liège.

He saw his country overrun in the days that followed. His was the task of helping to hold back the tide while British and French tried to make a line.

History talks of the glory of that stand—but not Hubert. He sees no glory in that four years of agony and misery.

He wants to live in peace in that little white-washed village until the end of his days. He wants to know that his children and his children's children will live there happily, too. That is what *he* would call glory.

But it seems so impossible, sometimes.

A month ago, for instance.

A month ago Hubert's son received his calling-up papers. Auguste, too, was twenty-one. And he, like his father, had to march away.

Charlotte, his mother, has been thinking about that all through Armistice week. And sometimes a tear has dropped on the faded black suits and dresses she has been pressing, cleaning and mending so that her family would look suitably sombre—in the true Belgian spirit—round the local war memorial.

Something like 277,000 boys marched away with her son Auguste. And 277,000 came back.

But she wonders: "Would it be the same if there were a next time?"

NOW, Hubert's family, like the Belgian masses as a whole, doesn't expect a lot out of life—and certainly doesn't get it.

At forty-eight, Hubert receives 950 francs, or about £7, a month as a skilled worker in a factory in a Brussels suburb.

You might call it a poverty-line pittance, but he doesn't. He will remind you of Civil Servants of long experience who get appreciably less.

They, like him, and like most salary and wage earners in Belgium, must practise a degree of frugality that would make the average Briton wonder whether life was worth living.

Hubert, for instance, will cycle the three miles to and from his work—and, if anything should be wrong with his machine, will walk it. He made up his mind years ago that he can't afford 'buses.

On the roads of Belgium you will see thousands of workers cycling or walking to their work. But you'll see very few passenger vehicles—and those half-empty.

Hubert's dinner, eaten at the factory, will consist of bread and butter, or bread and cheese, or, if times are hard, bread alone. And he will be quite content to go home to an evening meal of vegetable soup and a slice of cold meat with bread.

You see, Hubert, and the millions of Belgian husbands like him, never let themselves forget the unending struggle in which their wives are engaged.

Those women mend and re-mend the family clothes until, almost, suits and dresses seem to be made up of mending material.

Hubert remembers how his mother used to go into Brussels market and haggle until she had bought for a farthing a basket crammed with mixed vegetables, and three pounds of potatoes for a penny.

Belgium was the cheapest country in the world to live in, then. You could have bed and breakfast for a month for a pound.

That's why Belgium became the country for good and cheap holidays—a reputation which it still maintains.

Those days of incredibly cheap prices have gone. Vegetables to-day cost more than half as much as in Britain. Meat is only a penny or so cheaper than here.

Bread is 5½d. for a four-pound loaf. It is still the cheapest in the world—nevertheless, that 5½d. dismays the Belgian housewife.

Yet although times have changed, these women have not lost their bargaining instinct. They can still manage to get most foodstuffs at a quarter less than the first price asked.

For them, and for their menfolk alike, every waking hour of the day is an hour in which to wage the battle of existence.

Until the moment she goes to bed the average woman will be mending clothes or household fabrics, or with deft fingers making laces and other delicate materials for which the country is famous.

Cinemas, chocolates, scents, and other treats dear to the heart of a woman rarely come her way.

YET the husbands will make equal sacrifices. They will walk or cycle home from the hardest manual job to work until dark in the tangled patches they call gardens, and be at it again soon after dawn.

Happy the Belgian working man who can keep a pig—just one pig—in his garden, and have hanging on his kitchen wall the salted and smoked flitches of the pig he killed a few months ago.

The pig population of Belgium has risen considerably since the eight-hour day became general, giving the men more time to devote to their gardens.

And the pigeon population, too. There is no sport that ranks higher with Belgian men than pigeon-racing.

Yes, life is a very simple affair in Belgium. But Hubert wouldn't call it humdrum or drab.

Happiness will radiate from every line of his face when he recalls how he saved and scraped to get married.

No man will marry unless he is in a job, he will tell you. Once he had to postpone his own marriage because of unemployment.

This unwritten law is responsible, sometimes, for engagements dragging on for five, ten, even twenty years.

And you will always know when a young fellow intends to get married, he says. He will start taking furniture home. Not until he has acquired a table, two chairs, a bed, and a stove will his relatives and the district at large regard him as entitled to marry.

Why the stove? Well, that is because the stove has become a sort of social hall-mark in Belgium. Every woman will demand and every man will therefore buy the best that their means allow.

The Belgian railways have organised excursions at ridiculous prices to tempt working people to travel—but, unlike their German, French, Italian and British cousins, they just won't do it.

Hubert will also talk interestingly to you of marriage—and divorce.

There can be no bigamy in Belgium. Whether a couple has a church service or not, a civil wedding at the town hall is essential, and such enquiries are made to assure that no person could possibly go through with a bigamous marriage.

As to divorce—"I wouldn't have the patience to get one even if I wasn't over head and ears in love with Charlotte."

First, a husband and wife who can't agree have to go before a judge who will spend hours trying to bring them together again.

All his efforts failing, he tells them to report to him again at a date some months later—and in the meantime the struggle to reconcile them is continued.

If the position seems hopeless at this second hearing, the pair are granted a separation. And years will elapse, years of continual effort to heal the breach, before that separation is turned into divorce.

COMPARATIVELY few marriages fail in Belgium, however.

Husbands and wives don't look so much for glamour in a partner as for those qualities of sacrifice, good intent and loyalty, which are not the results of accident but which people can confer on themselves. And such romances are lasting.

There is something hard-headed about love in Belgium, as there is about everything else there.

They are still brave little Belgium.

Bravely they face the fact that they are wedged between Germany and France with 831 miles of frontier to defend.

Bravely they try to provide good social services on very, very little money.

At least they make themselves afford daily supplies of milk in the summer, and hot, nourishing soup in the winter for every schoolchild—free of charge. And enough to assure that no child will starve.

There are thousands of youngsters in well-to-do Britain who would look with pleading eyes at those bowls of soup!

Don't Miss Woman's Fair

FROM the moment you housewives pass through the turnstiles at Olympia, you will be captivated by the spirit of spaciousness and splendour which presides over Woman's Fair.

You are confronted with the towering statue of Venus, Goddess of Beauty, and above you is a huge canopy of rainbow rayon gladdening the sky-line.

There are thousands of gadgets to see and everything to simplify work in the home. Drudgery is expelled in the new Golden Age for Housewives.

Washing, for instance. Instead of the tub, bathed in steaming clouds, you can see your washing done for you by the latest type of machine.

When finished, the clothes can be bundled into a specially designed drying cupboard requiring only a minimum of time.

Electric cookers, water heaters and fires are there to make every woman realise that hard work in the kitchen is a thing of the past.

Among them is a display of cast-iron ovens—absolutely air-tight. Only three stokings in 24 hours are needed to keep it burning continuously.

Then beauty culture! Exhibits demonstrate how electricity is now a big aid to beauty—and to health as well.

Films are being shown on vital subjects such as nutrition, housing, and public health.

Such are but a few of the varied attractions now drawing crowds to Olympia. Nothing of interest in the home is missing.

Woman's Fair is not just another exhibition. It is an event in the history of Womankind.

Remember! It will be open daily until November 26.

HARVEST OF THE PAST . . . &

IF YE BREAK FAITH . . .

By A "JOHN BULL" INVESTIGATOR

PART of our duty to those who died for us in the war is to look after their comrades who came back.

Are we fulfilling that trust? Read the following stories of ex-Service men, and then ask yourself the question again.

Mr. Walter Hoare, late of the King's Royal Rifles, now of Red Marley, Gloucestershire, would have liked to wear his medals at the Remembrance Day ceremony in his village.

On Armistice morning, twenty years ago at Ypres, Hoare's thigh was blown away by an explosive bullet. He was four years in hospital, and has been in hospital for months every year since then. He is a helpless cripple.

Recently his home was burned down, and he lost all his property—including his war medals.

As he, his wife and four children have to exist solely on a pension of 24s. a week, he asked the authorities to supply him with substitute medals.

They refuse to do so—unless he pays eleven shillings.

As that sum represents the family food bill for a week, Hoare will parade without decorations. . . .

After being invalided three times with wounds, Sergeant Harry Weale, Royal Welch Fusiliers, had a fourth sojourn in France. Then, single-handed, he killed a machine-gun crew, routed three other gun crews and captured a nest of guns holding up the British attack.

He was awarded the V.C.

It might be thought that the authorities would make a point of providing work for a man like Weale, who lives at Prince Edward Avenue, Rhyl.

Far from it. He has had only a few temporary labouring jobs in twenty years. He has a wife and five children and, workless and without pension, he is now fighting the hardest battle of his life—against poverty.

NO fewer than 120,000 ex-Service men are permanently unfit for work and without pensions. A plea has been made to the Prime Minister by the British Legion that they should be made a national charge, but nothing has been done.

One of them is Mr. Cyril Smith, of Chailey, Sussex. During the war he enlisted as a boy in the East Surrey Regiment, and was discharged, without pension, as totally unfit.

Life has been hell for him since.

He, his wife and three children have lived for years mainly on a diet of bread, margarine and jam.

The two eldest children have not been able to attend school regularly lately for want of food and because their clothing and shoes are worn out.

The authorities will do nothing for Smith. . . . Except to order him to appear before the magistrates four days after Armistice Day on a charge of failing to send the kiddies to school.

Homes for heroes!

Hugh Thomas, a former Welsh Guardsman, with a fine war record, died a few days ago because that promise has not been kept.

For seven years, as a result of health ruined on service, Thomas was workless. He lived in a small cottage in the Gwyrfai district of Carnarvonshire.

It fell into a deplorable condition, and Thomas said he would not pay more rent until it was repaired. An order for eviction was obtained.

Appeal after appeal was made without success to the local council to give the family a home.

FOR five months Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and their eight children have been living in a 9 ft. by 6 ft. shack on the roadside.

One day, when the shack was blown to pieces by a gale, Thomas collapsed and had to be taken to hospital. Only then did the authorities agree to provide accommodation. But it was too late. Thomas had been attacked by tuberculosis, which has caused his death.

His wife and children will become paupers.

At the age of twenty, after five years in the Royal Navy, Mr. F. G. Griffin, of Reynolds Grove, St. Budeaux, Plymouth, fell through three hatchways aboard the captured German cruiser *Emden*. His head struck an iron deck.

Soon afterwards he was discharged as unfit—and given a grant of £6 for his disability!

Now, at 38, with a wife and four children, Griffin is destitute. His physical condition is so bad that no employer can give him work.

The authorities refuse every appeal for a pension.

A naval charity allows him 5s. 3d. a week. But the Means Test people take it from him.

In death there is to-day little respect for many war veterans.

Daily there are reports of men who fought being buried in pauper graves without mourning or honour. Always because the authorities in the district where they die no longer bother to notify the regiments with which the men served.

Matthew Welch, of Ayr, is a case in point. He had a distinguished war record in the Highland Light Infantry, and was proud to wear his medals when going about his work as a house painter.

Welch died at his lodging. His remains were taken to a public mortuary and then given pauper burial.

No official thought it worth while to give information about the death to the man's old regiment so that he could be given decent interment.

THEN the wives and children of men who have died from war suffering. How callously many of them are treated!

Every loophole that can be found is used to deny them justice.

Mrs. A. Stannard, of Banstead Terrace, Leeds, for instance, is in poverty and a nervous wreck.

Her husband was smashed in the war, and for twenty years had been practically helpless. Recently, he died while away from home searching for work.

The doctor who signed the death certificate knew nothing about his war affliction and made no reference to it in the documents.

Because of that mistake, the authorities will not grant any allowance to the widow. She is very ill and completely without means.

A few weeks ago Company Sergeant-Major J. Yeomans completed 22½ years' service with the South Lancs Regiment. On the day he was due to sail from India with his wife and three children he fell ill and died.

For his long and meritorious service he was due to receive a pension of 35s. a week.

On reaching England, Mrs. Yeomans asked the authorities what part of the pension would be paid to her and the family.

None, she was told.

ALMOST for twenty years Mrs. J. Reid, of Mauchlin, Ayrshire, nursed her husband who, while serving with the South Staffordshire Regiment, received a terrible leg wound.

Since then he had undergone ten major operations, lost his speech and always had to be wheeled in an invalid chair.

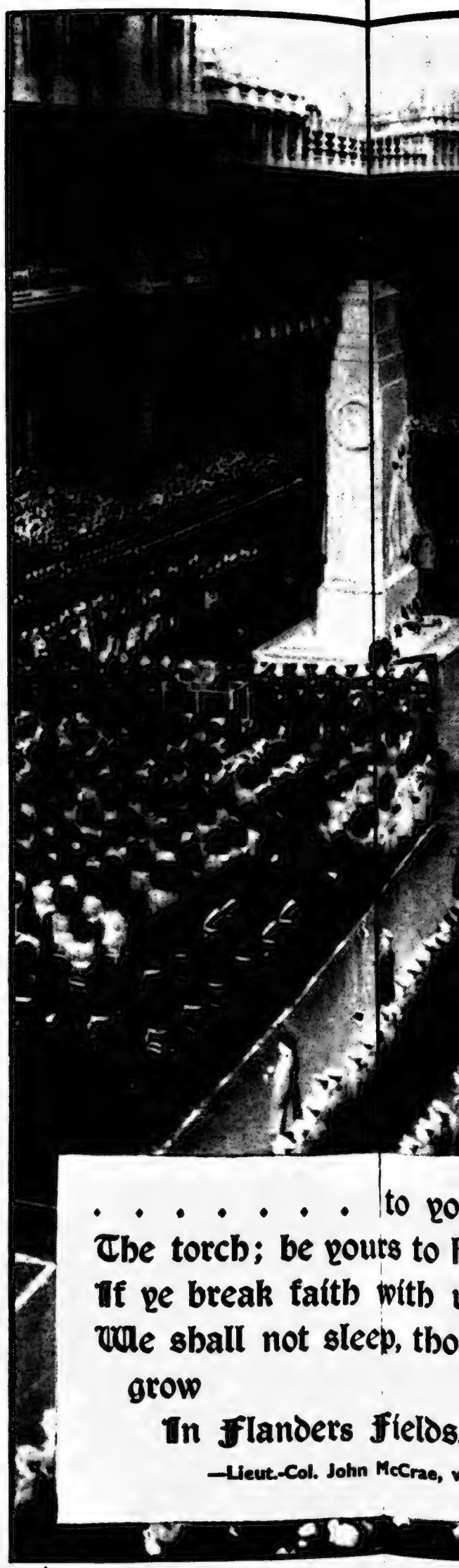
Mr. Reid has now died. The authorities stopped payment of his pension at once and refused to make any allowance to the widow.

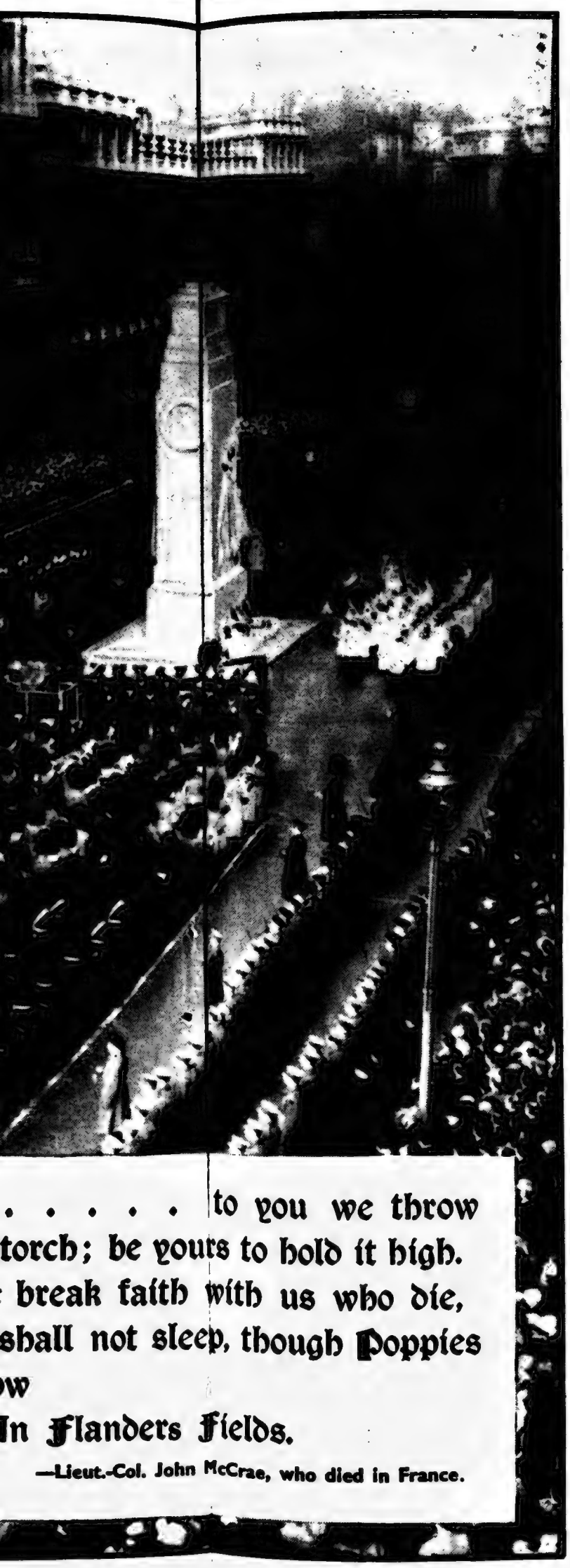
Why? Because the death certificate showed that the primary cause of death was cerebral hæmorrhage.

So they contend, as they do in countless similar cases, that his death had nothing to do with his maiming in the war.

These are examples of the rewards of service made known to JOHN BULL this Armistice week.

Ask yourself: Do ye keep faith?




. . . . . to you we throw
torch; be yours to hold it high.
break faith with us who die,
shall not sleep, though Poppies
w
In Flanders Fields.
—Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, who died in France.

HAND ON THE TORCH!

By CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

SOME years ago Sir Arthur Eddington, the eminent astronomer, made use of a very striking illustration in the course of a lecture.

He asked his hearers to imagine an observer from another planet taking note of what was happening on the earth on November 11, and trying to account for it scientifically.

He would be extremely puzzled by the Two Minutes' Silence.

If he were so placed that, by means of a sensitive recording instrument, he could listen to the roar of traffic in the heart of a great city, find it suddenly suspended, and then begin again after one hundred and twenty seconds of complete stillness, he would naturally wonder what material cause there could be for the interruption.

Without actually entering into and sharing our lives, he could not know that the cause was not material but spiritual, or rather the material expression of a spiritual fact.

For the Silence concentrates in one simple, commemorative act the solemn feeling of millions of people recalling with gratitude the deliverance of mankind from the horrors of four and a half years of the most destructive warfare ever known.

THE detached observer could not be expected to understand this, unless he had partaken of our sufferings and sacrifices.

If he could be initiated into these in any measure, he might, perhaps, learn to realise that spiritual forces count far more in the long run than the deadliest weapons of might.

Is this the lesson of the present hour? I think it is, and Sir Arthur Eddington's parable is one that we should all take to heart, though his purpose in elaborating it had nothing directly to do with the application I am giving to it.

For if it be true, as I firmly believe it to be true, that the spiritual factor in human relations can be trusted to break down all material opposition, however seemingly invincible, then it seems to me that we have almost as much to learn about ourselves and our world as the watcher from another planet.

We could, if we were only sufficiently determined about it, and as completely united in thought and intention as we are during the Two Minutes' Silence on Armistice Day, achieve European appeasement and world peace before Armistice Day comes round again.

We have but to put into practice the spiritual power we all possess, wing it with faith and devote it to the high end of bringing men together instead of driving them apart. If that were done, the dangerous armaments race would cease, and a new era of universal confidence and good will would dawn.

Within the past few weeks we have passed through the gravest crisis to which our fragile civilisation has been exposed since the "All Clear" sounded.

Everyone now knows that we came to the very razor edge of an appalling clash.

It is also generally admitted that it was our Prime Minister, more than any man, who stemmed the flood of passion that was sweeping all Europe into chaos.

But there is not the same unanimity of opinion on the price that has had to be paid for averting the catastrophe, and it is easy to understand why Mr. Chamberlain has had to meet so much adverse criticism in this country and abroad.

I am one of the multitude who hold that he did right, and that only his promptitude and courage saved England and the world.

I believe everyone else felt so at the moment. It was only when the shadow had lifted that irritation began to reveal itself.

It is this feeling of irritation that is finding utterance now—not the wish that we had gone to war to save Czechoslovakia.

Nothing could have saved Czechoslovakia, as Herr Hitler knew.

And those critics may indeed be right who say that he has got everything he wanted, and that his real motive was not that of obtaining justice for the Sudeten Germans, but of sweeping a little democratic nation from his path.

But none of this invalidates the conviction that not only is war not inevitable, but that all likelihood of it can be dissipated if we can sincerely believe, and act in accordance with the belief, that spiritual forces are more potent than armaments for the protection of all that we hold most dear.

Perhaps I ought to amend the phrase and say moral forces, for there are malign spiritual forces as well as gracious ones.

The spirit of hatred and revenge, the spirit which relies upon colossal engines of destruction and millions of marching men, is not the only spirit at work in Germany to-day. The crisis demonstrated that.

IT has made abundantly clear a fact that we hardly dared to entertain before, that the great mass of the German people earnestly desires friendship with this country, and loathes and dreads the prospect of war as much as we do.

I listened with the deepest interest a few nights ago to a distinguished English scholar who was giving some account of conversations he had been recently holding in Germany with men of his own calibre.

With united voice these men had assured him that they were not in the least deceived by fiery propaganda through a controlled Press and radio, and that very few of their countrymen were.

They went so far as to say that for the time being the most popular man in Germany was not Adolf Hitler, but Neville Chamberlain, and that, if Hitler had not acceded to our Premier's appeal revolution was not improbable.

WHETHER this was an exaggerated estimate of the trend of things in Germany a month ago I do not know, but that the statement could be seriously made by serious-minded people is significant.

A German-American visitor to this country, Dr. Conrad Hoffman, has lately been asking us to distinguish between shouting Germany, suffering Germany, and silent Germany.

The first consists of the Nazi crowd which cheers every savage imprecation against the democratic peoples. They are but a minority.

The second consists of the Jews, the repressed Confessional Church represented by Dr. Niemoeller, and the political prisoners.

The third, said Dr. Hoffman, is by far the largest section of the German race, and it is to these that the future belongs. They have no animosity against anyone, least of all Great Britain; and their most ardent wish is to live in peace with their neighbours.

Cannot we carry this spirit of kindliness farther? Hard things have been said of the peace of Versailles, which was a dictation imposed upon a conquered people, into the depths of whose soul the humiliation sank and burned till Hitler arose to give it vent in the fierce rancour with which he has made us only too familiar to-day.

A peace imposed by Germany would have been worse than Versailles; and our sons and brothers did not die in vain who saved us from that.

Let us see to it that the greater ideal not yet achieved shall be kept in the foreground from this time forward.

Peace and fellowship with the common people of every race. It is not impossible.

It means that we have to make contact with them over the heads of governments and military establishments and render it in time unthinkable that man should shed his brother's blood, either through lust of domination or for material gain.

CRUCIBLE of FEAR!

A dull flash, a sharp blinding roar, and I felt myself being hurled through the air

This is the most powerful reader's story "John Bull" has ever printed.

It tells of sudden disaster in a munition works, of panic, heroism and noble devotion to duty.

By Mabel Lethbridge O.B.E.

I WAS seventeen and horribly restless.

My father had gone to the war, my brothers had gone, and all my sisters were doing war work of various sorts.

I wanted to do something, something of vital importance to the threatened welfare of my country.

But I couldn't content myself with winding bandages or knitting socks at our local branch of the Voluntary Aid Detachment as my mother suggested.

Early on an October morning in 1917, I left home and went in search of work.

At the Employment Exchange I was given a card of introduction to a place at Shepherd's Bush where women were sewing aeroplane wings.

I took the card, but I didn't take the job. I went to another section of the Exchange . . . the munition worker.' section.

Here, too, I was given a card of introduction, but this time it was to National Filling Factory No. 7 at Hayes, Middlesex. I took both of those cards home, but I only showed my mother the one for Shepherd's Bush.

"This," I said, "is the place where I'm going to work!"

"Thank God," replied mother, "thank God it's safe."

"Yes, it's safe," I answered. But I had never lied to her before, and it hurt badly.

Early the next morning I attended with hundreds of other applicants at the Filling Factory.

I drew an A.1 card and lined up once more, along with about fifty other A.1 women and girls.

An official took us to the "Clothing Sheds," and here we were issued with munition workers' caps, tunics and trousers. There were roars of laughter at the misfits!

Finally our magazine shoes were issued to us, and we set off to listen to a lecture on explosives.

But, by the time we arrived, the lecture was practically over and, anyway, we didn't understand a word of it!

For the first six days I was occupied in chipping amatol off old detonators and washing them in paraffin oil.

When we returned from our canteen lunch on the sixth day we found a huge notice hung up in our workshop.

VOLUNTEERS URGENTLY WANTED FOR THE DANGER ZONE.

Every single one of us stepped forward. Our overlooker lined us up in twos, and we joined a long line of volunteers whom we met on our march to the danger zone.

As we passed each workshop another batch of volunteers marched out and joined us, flinging the words of our song back over their shoulders. . . .

". . . . . burning,
Though your hearts are yearning,
Though the boys are far away
They dream of home."

The factory covered two hundred acres. We walked for about fifteen minutes before we reached the danger zone in Amatol Section.

This was unlike any other part of the factory in appearance. The sheds were farther apart, and they were raised from the ground on concrete pillars.

Connecting each shed was a raised platform with a miniature railway running alongside it. Thousands of shell-filled trucks were being pushed to and fro by elderly women.

At an immense changing shed we were issued with fireproof clothing, special shoes and draw-string hats. Then each one of us was examined for the presence of hairpins, suspenders, buckles and any kind of metal.

Once more we were lined up and marched forward into the heart of the danger zone.

Three hundred strong we reached the workshops. The girls came to the doors and welcomed us with hearty cheers.

Overlookers divided us into batches of twenty-five, handed each one of us a scarlet armlet and led us to our tasks.

I was detailed for No. 22 shed, where the work of filling shells with dry amatol was being carried out.

On a raised platform stood four huge cauldrons containing the hot, dry Amatol, Soda Co and T.N.T. mixture.

Four girls stood ladling the mixture into scales. Four girls weighed it and then tipped it into the empty 18-pounder shells, thousands of which were stacked on the floor.

I was appointed a carrier, and my job was to carry the shells to a huge machine called a "monkey."

Here the amatol mixture was pressed firmly down into the mouth of the shell to make room for the fuses.

During the afternoon an officer in uniform, wearing grotesque magazine shoes, hurried into the shed.

"New girls, please listen!" he commanded. "Your work is highly dangerous; don't leave the mixture lying around on the floor; don't step off the railway platforms on to the grassland.

"The danger of carrying grit is great. Milk will be issued to you twice daily to counteract the effects of possible T.N.T. poisoning . . . er . . . er; now I think you know all about it."

We all roared with laughter when one of the girls shouted "Not 'arf we don't!" and the pompous officer, much discomfited, retired through the huge steel doors.

I looked at the floor around the cauldrons; it was nearly an inch thick in the amatol mixture. I went to the overlooker.

"Hadn't it better be swept up?" I asked, indicating the litter. Her face grew red with rage.

"Look here, cocky, when we want a new overlooker I'll send your name in. Sweep it up, eh? I'd like to sweep you up. Now get the broom from over there and just try the job yourself."

I did try, but I was laughed at so much that I was glad to put the broom away.

All the same, I couldn't help noticing that the floor was very much cleaner next day, and that it was kept so.

Next morning the overlooker put me to work on the "monkey" machine. There were two of these machines in the shed, standing side by side. A girl called Violet was attending to one.

"Watch her for a minute, then get to work," said the overlooker.

Violet knelt in front of her machine,

(Continued on page 26)

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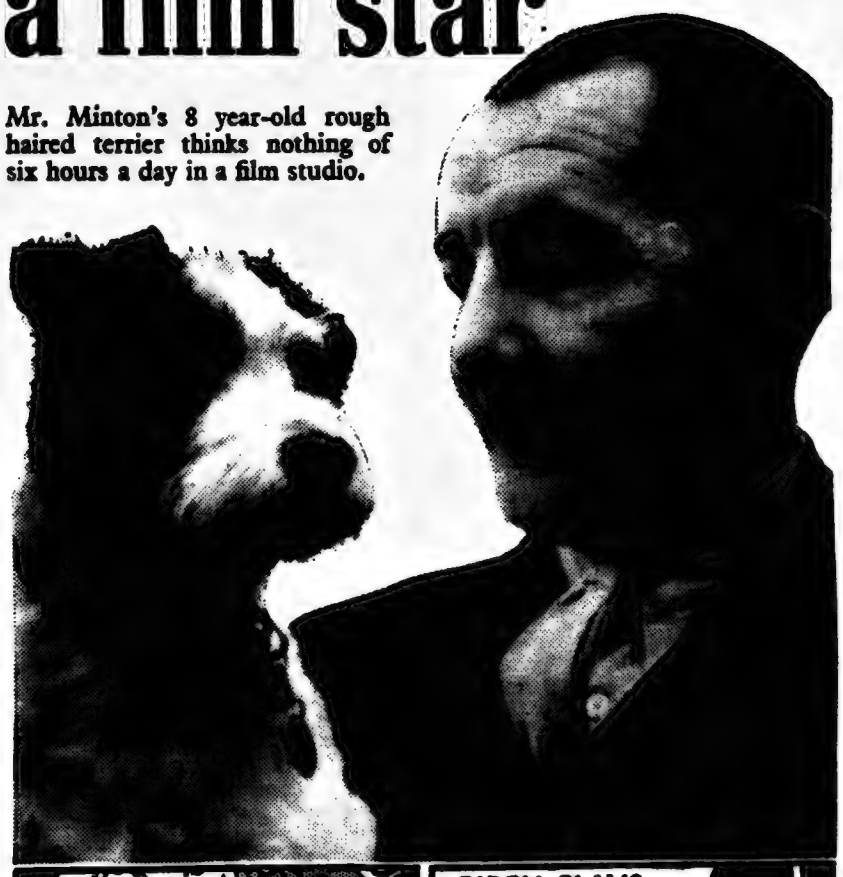
GD1653

This 'plus' dog is a film star

Mr. Minton's 8 year-old rough haired terrier thinks nothing of six hours a day in a film studio.



BIDDY'S GREAT FRIENDS with everybody at Elstree and Denham. Have you seen her with Charles Laughton in "St. Martin's Lane"? Although she only cost seven and six she has earned several thousand times that amount for Mr. Minton. Biddy's another 'plus' dog. She works hard physically and mentally—guards baby, chases villains, opens doors and unropes heroines in mortal danger! And she's as fine, fit and happy a terrier as you'll see anywhere.

"One Bob Martin's once a day is Biddy's ration," says Mr. Minton, "and she's worth it! Bob Martin's keeps her on her toes."

MAKE YOUR DOG A 'PLUS' DOG TOO

Even if your dog doesn't have to earn his keep, he's one of the family and depends on you for regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

These little powders purify the blood — make 'plus' dogs. And that means sparkling winter fitness, vivacious good humour, a lovely warm winter coat and a keen appetite.

Start conditioning now — one Bob Martin's once a day — and watch that tail wagging a doggy "thank you."

THE IMPORTANCE OF PURE BLOOD IN WINTER

A dog's health in winter time depends on the purity of his blood and on the proper functioning of liver, kidneys and stomach. The purpose of condition powders is to help these organs to do their work by purifying the bloodstream.

Winter feeding with greasier food and lack of exercise overcharge the blood with waste products, thereby putting an added strain on the internal organs, which can only function properly if they themselves are kept healthy by a pure blood supply!

Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's is the only way of ensuring a pure bloodstream which is reflected in a dog's coat, health, appetite, energy and spirits.

From all dog-food shops and chemists, 6d. and 1/-.

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day to keep dogs fit the 'plus' dog way

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

She tried getting her hair waved
freshening up the house with new paint
but it was no good
until she learned that
GOOD TEMPER STARTS IN THE STOMACH
Just you try
PAN YAN!

You can always cure bad temper if you give digestion a chance. Pan Yan is a great help—it's so carefully blended that it gives the digestive organs just the stimulation they need, and at the same time it adds a delicious spice to cold meals. 10½d. and 3½d. a jar.

4550

RHEUMATISM

This is the Danger month!

Every man and woman subject to Rheumatism should take special care this month. For November is the danger month—the month when, as doctors warn us, Rheumatic ailments become most rampant, seizing the unprotected and the unwary.

Wear warm, but loose-knit woollen underclothing. Guard against sudden changes of temperature. Avoid fatigue. Keep your feet and legs dry. In addition, begin every day with a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water—warm water for preference.

Fynnon is a powerful protection against all forms of Rheumatism—a powerful remedy, too, for those already in its toils. It provides a health-giving quota of the grand mineral elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium found in renowned Spa Waters. These "Salts of the Earth" dissolve and rinse away the dread acid that tortures tissue and muscle and locks the joints; they restore liver and kidneys to full activity; they cleanse the blood.

A "daily Fynnon Salt" is nature's own safe way of assuring active health at any age. Large tins (a month's supply), 1/3.

CRUCIBLE of FEAR!

(Continued from page 24)

fixed a shell into a clamp, placed a stemmer in the mouth of the shell and shouted "Right away, *girls*."

Then she released a lever and a huge weight was drawn up by ropes which were held by four girls, hidden from Violet by an improvised and crazy-looking barrier of wooden boxes.

Crash! and down came the weight on to the head of the stemmer, forcing the amatol mixture deep into the shell.

A mark on the stemmer indicated the depth that had to be obtained. Five thuds of the weight, and Violet called "Steady, girls!"

Then they let the weight down very slowly on to the lever that Violet pulled out, and waited until the next shell was in position.

I INTRODUCED myself to Violet. "I'm Mabel Lethbridge, and I've been put on the next machine. It looks easy. I'll start now."

"Pleased ter meet yer," said Violet. "Mind yerself, my machine is 'Girls' and yours is 'Boys.' For God's sake don't mix us up, or we'll all be killed. You ought to get room for the fuse in five beats. If yer don't, call Frizzy Lizzy, she's the overlooker."

The work was as easy as it looked. A girl called Louie was told to act as my carrier; she brought me the filled shells, and took away the ones I'd got ready.

At lunch time the overlooker gave me a small black cloth badge to sew on to my red armlet.

When we went to the canteen I noticed that all who wore these black badges were treated with deference and were served first.

I was mightily pleased with my little black square and kept glancing at it. A woman at my table noticed this. "Proud of yer badge, eh?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm on the 'monkey' machines now, and wearing this badge means that we get ten minutes more rest time than the others. We get served with lunch first, too!"

"It's easy to serve you first when they won't have to serve you long!"

"What on earth does she mean?" I asked Violet, but the woman answered.

"I mean that if you goes on working on them machines you won't be needing any more lunches! They're condemned!

"Most of the sheds have got the new concrete ones. You fill the shells in a concrete chamber.

"There ain't no danger—leastways, hardly any—and the girls on these new machines don't have any need to wear black badges. Nor their folks to wear black clothes either!"

I felt sick and frightened and was glad to leave my half-eaten dinner.

NEXT morning Violet was not at her machine. I noticed that she was at the cauldrons and a stranger took her place.

"What's up?" I asked. "Have you deserted me?"

"No fear; I'll be back to-morrow. It's my rest day, that's all."

Confidently I began work on my machine. "Right away, boys!" I yelled, and then, "Steady, boys!" as I removed each shell.

But the girl on the next machine mixed "boys" with "girls." There was a terrifying thud. Her head lay between the weight and the shell, her features horribly crushed.

Calling for help, Louie and I released her. A stretcher was lifted from the walls and the girl was carried to a truck and wheeled away.

The overlooker was unnerved. "It's three-quarters of a mile to the surgery," she muttered, and then saw that most of us were in a state dangerously close to panic.

"Stop work," she ordered. "Gather round and sing!"

We sang, we sang at the tops of our voices.

But many of us were in tears.

At lunch everyone in the canteen was discussing the accident. The woman I had spoken to yesterday again approached me. "Still on those machines?" she asked, but now there was deep concern, rather than scorn, in her voice.

"Yes," I answered slowly, but I felt choked.

"Well, God have mercy on you," said the woman.

When Violet and I arrived at the shed we found a great bustle and excitement.

"Lawks," said Violet, "there's the foreman. I wonder whatever's up; we don't often see him. Look! it's the new machines. There they are, over there."

"Are they working?" shouted someone.

The foreman mounted a box. "Girls, they are not! But by to-morrow . . ."

Angry shouts drowned his words, and cries of: "We're not going to work without them!" "Risk your own —— skin!" "What do you take us for?"

He waited until the shed had become strangely silent, then he called for "Two volunteers for the monkey machines! Two volunteers! Come on, girls, be good sports!"

I felt sorry for him. I raised my hand. "I'll go, sir," I said.

"Thank you. Stand up here beside me."

Violet pushed her way through the silent crowd. She mounted the box and stood beside me. I shook her hand.

"One more word," called the foreman. "I want to impress upon you that neither married women nor girls under eighteen are allowed in this part of the factory."

"No one here . . . married?" he called.

"No one married!" we answered.

"No one under eighteen?"

I felt myself growing red, but I joined the others, shouting with the full strength of my young lungs: "NO ONE UNDER EIGHTEEN!"

VIOLET and I went back to our machines. We were young, and the accident of the morning was soon forgotten. Everyone was happy about the prospect of having the new machines.

"I'm glad everything's all right," said Louie. "You see, Mabel, we're on a bonus here. When we've finished two thousand shells we get a penny a shell bonus, and if we work quick that makes a tidy sum at the end of the week."

By two o'clock things had gone wrong, the stemmer wouldn't sink, not even after *fifteen* beats (twenty being the maximum allowed for safety).

The pullers were angry. "How the hell can we get any bonus?" they demanded angrily.

In despair I went to the overlooker.

"Well, the best thing you can do is to try scraping a little of the mixture out, try working with less."

I told Violet and she downed tools immediately. Presently her place was taken by a stranger to whom I had no time to speak.

I scraped, and the result was instantaneous. The stemmer sank to its level after only five beats.

The work went on at a grand pace, and soon the pullers recovered their good humour and joined in the singing.

"Isn't it fine?" I asked Louie.

"No, I don't like it. You can't muck about with shells, they're peculiar!"

"Mine aren't! They're grand! God, Louie, I'm thirsty. I wish the milk issue would come."

"It's at the next shed already. It'll be here in a moment. That's the last shell. By the time it's finished you'll have your milk!"

The last shell! The last shell! . . . a dull flash, a sharp, deafening roar and I felt myself being hurled through the air, falling down, down, down, into darkness.

Mother, Mother! Wouldn't someone come? Wouldn't someone speak to me?

I lay quietly on my side.

Now a blinding flash and I felt my body being torn asunder. Darkness, that terrifying darkness, and the agonised cries of the workers pierced my consciousness.

"Mother of God, have mercy . . . have mercy upon us!"

The cries of the wounded were drowned in a dull roar, and now the screams held a new note of terror.

Fire! Fire! There was a crazy rush for the huge steel doors, the shed became a blazing furnace.

In the glare I saw girls rise and fall shrieking with terror, their so-called fireproof clothing alight, blood pouring from their wounds.

"Have mercy on us, open the doors, for heaven's sake open the doors."

I made a last effort to reach those doors, crazily determined to force them open and release my mates.

I crawled through the pile of blazing boxes that surrounded my machine. The agony was indescribable.

Then I made a mighty effort to rise, catching at some machinery with my hands. The sickening stench of burning flesh met my nostrils.

"God help me!" I cried, as unable to bear the torment I sank down among the flames.

"Mabel, crawl, for God's sake, crawl. You'll die there!" came a voice.

Slowly, fearfully, inch by inch, I crept free of the flames.

Burnt, bleeding and tortured, I reached the doors and tried to force them open, but the metals were twisted by the intense heat and I was weak and exhausted.

The flames crept nearer. I tried to rise, but I couldn't move my left leg.

WITH my tortured hands I pulled and tugged at it . . . it lifted easily in my hands.

Can anyone imagine the anguish and terror I experienced when I realised that my leg had been blown off from the knee downwards, and all that I held was my mangled thigh?

"Mother, mother . . . mother!" I shrieked in my terror, and, tearing the string from my magazine cap, I applied it as a tourniquet.

"Mother! . . . Mother!" The others took up the cry.

Another explosion, and I fell over on my side, a rush of warm blood flowing down my face.

Still no one came to rescue us. Then, suddenly, we were aware of a great noise outside, and renewed our cries for help.

Streams of water came over, gushing from the hoses of the fire fighters outside, falling heavily on our tortured bodies, taking our breath and nearly drowning us.

"Save us . . . Save us! . . ." The cries were growing weaker.

In the light of the flames I saw a long row of ladders show over the top of the wall where the roof had been.

Up came the fire-girls, flinging themselves bravely into the furnace, dragging their hose-pipes.

The sound of cheering reached me faintly, the flames came nearer, nearer, water poured over my mutilated body . . . Mother, oh Mother . . .

In the surgery my clothing was cut from me. I raised my hands to remove what I thought were bandages from my eyes, and touched raw flesh. . . .

"My God . . . I am blind!"

Later in the ambulance someone spoke to me. It was Louie.

"Louie . . . where . . . are . . . the . . . others?"

"Mabel, there aren't any others. There's only you and me."

MY head and face and left upper jaw were badly crushed, my left leg was missing, my right leg and thigh fractured, my right foot had practically every bone broken.

Both my arms were fractured and my hands badly burnt. I had countless smaller wounds and injuries.

The sockets of my eyes were torn open by the force of the explosion and the eyes burnt and injured.

It took thirteen operations to save my sight. Forty-three to save my life.

I was awarded the "Most Excellent Order of the British Empire" . . . "for courage and high example shown on the occasion of an explosion."

In defence of your Constitution

Food is necessary not only for growth but to maintain our physical forces, and the best of all foods to keep these up to strength is BREAD.

BREAD FOR ENERGY

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Only 6½d per 1 lb jar — yet it makes you a 'breakfast-table millionaire'

START THE DAY RIGHT — Marmalade helps your digestion by 'balancing' breakfast foods such as bacon and eggs, and leaves a fresh taste in the mouth.

In castle and cottage you'll find one thing in common — Hartley's marmalade, because it's the best marmalade money can buy, yet it's within the reach of all, *at the lowest price for 20 years*. So *you* can be a millionaire at breakfast — and save money too! Hartley's is real luxury marmalade. The best oranges that go into marmalade go into Hartley's. They're the pick of the crop. From now on be a 'breakfast-table millionaire', start the day in style at a cost of only 6½d. for a 1 lb. pot of Hartley's Marmalade.

THE MOST IMPORTANT MEAL OF THE DAY

Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Why? Simply because it's the first. Your whole day depends on your breakfast. How your husband does his job depends on his breakfast. So — BREAKFAST MUST BE RIGHT. Hartley's Marmalade makes sure of that — helps digestion of bacon and eggs, aids regularity, balances the other foods — just tops off everything to a treat. Buy a pot of Hartley's now — tell your husband that he's starting the day with the 'millionaire's marmalade that ordinary people can afford.'

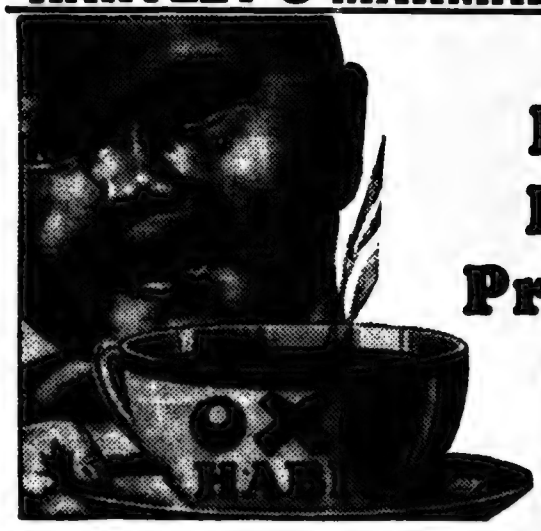
This is the label to look for. Your grocer's sure to have it, and he'll be glad to see you're changing to Hartley's. He likes you to get value for money — and he's in the trade and knows the best.

The men who buy oranges for Hartley's know where they are grown — and how. They choose the pick of the orange-crop, grading for size, testing for clear natural juice. Colour, flavour, 'feel' — nothing escapes them.

Question — WHICH BREAKFAST LUXURY COSTS LESS?

Answer — HARTLEY'S MARMALADE

ONLY 6½d PER 1 LB JAR 2 lbs. for 1/-



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Children demand OXO! They thrive on it. OXO with milk is especially good. It promotes sound constitutions and contented smiles!

OXO

Beef — for Sturdiness

35/38

HE WAS HANGED

Thorne among his chickens

"Crime Man"

A series which takes you behind the headlines of crimes which have made history. By Fleet Street's most famous crime reporter—

Stanley Bishop

BUT WAS IT MURDER?

TWICE in a few minutes, I believe, Norman Thorne, "the Crowborough Killer," was on the point of confessing to me what really happened when his sweetheart, Elsie Cameron, met her death on his lonely chicken-farm at Crowborough, Sussex.

If he hadn't changed his mind—if he hadn't preferred lies to the truth right up to the moment of his execution—I think he would have been alive at this hour.

The verdict would have been Manslaughter, not Murder. . . .

My first insight into Thorne's strange character came while I was investigating what was then only the strange disappearance of his sweetheart.

She had arrived at Crowborough station on her way to visit him, had been seen walking in the direction of his little chicken-farm—and then had vanished.

With several other reporters investigating the mystery, I was dining at the Crowborough hotel which was our headquarters, when I noticed a man peering through the glass panel of the door.

IT was Thorne. He was beckoning to me.

Wondering what he could have to add to the interview he had given me only an hour before, I went out to him.

"I want to tell you something," he said. 'Where can we talk?"

I took him to the lounge, which was deserted, and asked him if he would like a drink.

"No, thanks. I never touch it."

"Not even a port?"

He swung round on me with a flash of temper.

"You needn't think you can get it out of me that way," he snapped.

That, I think, was the first time he shied away from a confession.

We talked generalities for a few minutes. As he obviously wasn't coming to the point, I said eventually:

"What was it I couldn't get out of you by offering you a drink, Thorne?"

For the first time since I had met him he lost his poker-face self-possession. His eyes fell. His lips trembled.

"It's like this——," he began, and then for the second time he changed his mind.

Recovering his composure, he began to explain in his calm, deliberate way something trivial about a letter he had received.

I couldn't get him back to the mood in which he had first spoken to me. When I pressed him again for the real reason of his visit, he said:

"Well, I really came to ask if all you reporters would keep away to-morrow because I want to clean out my fowl-runs."

He grinned, swallowed his port—yes, he had that port, after all—and departed, assuring me once more that he wanted nothing better than to help us all to clear up the mystery of his vanished fiancée.

I sat up very late that night going over all the facts that I had been able to glean.

Thorne, in interviews given to me and other Pressmen, had absolutely denied seeing Elsie Cameron on the night of her disappearance.

He had, he said, searched and searched and *searched* without finding any clue to what had happened.

ON one occasion he had said to me as I stood with him at the gate of his muddy chicken-farm:

"I know they think I've done away with her. Well, as a matter of fact"—he said this very waggishly—"I buried her just over there."

He pointed to a place where his hens were pecking behind the wire fencing.

That was the spot where the dismembered body of Elsie Cameron was eventually discovered in a shallow grave.

Yes, Norman Thorne had nerve all right.

A short distance from that spot was his home. It was an old Army hut, and when he took me to it I made a quick mental inventory of its contents.

Bare boards and walls, a hanging cupboard for crockery, a bookshelf, a rough wooden table, an iron bedstead covered with Army blankets, a desk, two chairs, and a stove.

At irregular intervals Elsie Cameron had journeyed from London to Crowborough to visit Thorne, the man she meant to marry. Usually she slept at a house near the farm.

My enquiries at Willesden, where she lived, had shown that the two had known each other for years. Their families were friendly; they had attended the same chapel.

Thorne, it seemed, had drifted into an engagement and then regretted it.

ELSIE CAMERON was not beautiful. She was stumpy and anæmic; she wore strong spectacles. In temperament she was emotional, neurotic, imaginative . . . the sort of woman who might nag intolerably.

Above everything else, she wanted to get married to her personable sweet heart.

But Thorne, down at Crowborough, had met a girl of a very different type. She was of gipsy appearance and beautiful: black hair and alluring eyes; vivid complexion and fine figure; a woman to capture any young man's attention.

And then when Elsie Cameron came unexpectedly to Crowborough to tell Thorne that she was going to become a mother—well, what happened then was what Chief Detective-Inspector Gillan had to discover now that Scotland Yard had been called in to solve the mystery of her disappearance.

For a time we reporters saw little of Jack Gillan. He was "engaged on enquiries."

When we did catch up with him at

(Continued on page 30)

Yours for a lifetime's writing

THE longer you use a Swan Pen the more you will appreciate its perfect writing qualities. That is why it is always a good idea to give a Swan as a present—whether for weddings, birthdays, Christmas or any other gift occasion.

Make sure you choose a

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Prices: Visofil Swans 25/-. Leverless Swans 17/6 to 42/-. Lever-filling Swans from 10/6. Blackbird Pens 7/6. Fyne-Point Pencils from 5/-.

Of all Stationers and Jewellers. Made throughout in the British Isles. Descriptive lists from Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

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How easy to have snowy-white teeth according to the advertisements! Just use the right dentifrice, and dingiest teeth turn gleaming white. Well, it's true to-day, thanks to the discovery of what a certain brand of magnesia does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel.

If your toothpaste contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' its daily use will wash away every stain, including the deep yellow stains from tobacco. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

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It heats where nothing else can . . .

The Valor Oil Heater gives you portable warmth whenever and wherever you want it. No smoke, smell or trouble, but cosy comfort *anywhere*. **Look for the Valor Shield and get the British-made Valor.** Over 3 millions sold. Stocked by all Ironmongers and Stores.

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It's the DAILY POLISH that keeps shoes so much *smarter*

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CB/LX/3 *Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.*

A new, easier way to better starching . . *what a difference it makes!*

"Now for the new Robin method — nothing could be simpler. Three tablespoons of starch and I'm ready to begin (*I never waste a scrap now I know just how to use it*). Let me see, there's the table runner and my two tray cloths, six table napkins and those four casement curtains (*Robin certainly makes them stay clean much longer*), the duchess set and bedspread from the spare room (*must have them nice for when Lorna comes on Thursday*). I'll very soon have them all crisp and fresh with a real professional finish."

Sort your washing into groups according to the degree of stiffness they require.

1 *Take 3 tablespoons of Robin Starch; mix to a cream with cold water, add boiling water — about a quart — stirring until the starch becomes clear.*

2 *A suitable strength is made by adding six pints of cold water. Dip and wring out the table runner, duchess set, tray cloths and bedspread.*

3 *For the casement curtains, table napkins and cotton frock, add seven more pints of water; or take about half of the starch left over and add four pints of cold water.*

4 *Finally for the handkerchiefs take a basinful of the remaining starch and an equal amount of water; this will give you the right weak starch for the hankies.*

Ironing. After wringing out the starched articles roll up in a dry towel and leave for an hour or two. Always use a sufficiently hot iron.

FREE An interesting booklet telling you how easy and economical Robin starching can be. You ought to have it.

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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Please write in CAPITAL *letters.*

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When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 25.

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FLAVOUR equal to the FINEST BEEF EXTRACT

A Lovely Beverage piping hot
SUPER BETOX beats the lot!

A Delicious Beverage and Tasty Sandwich-Spread
3 oz. Jar 6d ... 8 oz. 1/2d ... 1 lb. 2/2d
From all Grocers — Ask for SUPER BETOX.

HUGE VALUE 3 OZ 6D

Dry, dull hair can be made lustrous, fascinating!

End DRY SCALP *this quick, easy way*

DRY hair is a menace to your smart appearance. It's due to Dry Scalp. Your hair is brittle, breaks easily. It starts falling out, you get dandruff and scurf.

Here's a quick, easy way to end Dry Scalp troubles. Always before you shampoo, sprinkle on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic — massage with your finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly. Then shampoo with 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo. It's *soapless*, which means no powdery scum is left in your hair. It cleanses thoroughly, your hair gleams with new lights, 'sets' better.

Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic as a dressing, too. A little on your hair keeps it in place, brings out the highlights. And it is so economical — you need only a little for a massage. Two sizes, 1/6 and 3/-. (Three times as much in the larger bottle.) 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo 4d. (Prices not applicable to Eire.)

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HAIR TONIC

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER!

For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.) with name and address (in block letters) to Dept. W.J.B.18, Chesebrough Manufacturing Company Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

P.S. *Don't forget to use 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo*

1057.3

Not from the B.B.C.

What Price Wives?

IT'S no use buying Bongo pref.,
My broker tells me so;
Jumbunta ord. and Dingo def.
Are also quoted low.

Tomatoes have been dull of late
Hemp's slack at half-a-crown,
Wire-netting's in a nervous state
And hops are "going down!"

But while the jobbers mope and pine
And "bulls" are sold a pup,
And prices gen'rally decline—
The price of wives is up!

Quotations for wives, as revealed by Divorce Court price lists, have lately fluctuated considerably, but the general tendency has been up and up and up.

As an earnest student of stock exchange and market reports, I have never understood what strange influences cause peanuts to leap from 11s. 7½d. (f.o.b., c.o.d., p.t.o., etc.) to 12s. 9½d.; or why the mere fact of my buying a small parcel of stock, alleged to be very gilt at the edges, should at once cause it to slump.

An explanation of these mysteries might also explain how market quotations for wives are fixed.

In only one recent week judges and juries ordered £15,000 to be paid to husbands by misguided thieves who had gone through a "co-respondence" course in wife-stealing.

Comparing these figures with some awards under the Workmen's Compensation Act, it becomes obvious that it is more profitable to lose a wife than to lose a leg or an arm.

Even a bargain basement line in wives is reckoned equal in value to a cracked skull. And, as "the social position of the parties" is mentioned as one factor governing prices, I imagine that a wife stolen from one of the more elegant garden suburbs would be worth at least a couple of broken ribs and a fractured fibula.

But the catch is that unless and until she is stolen, a wife is assumed by the Law to be of purely sentimental value.

Full often have I told you, love,
In the dear days of old
When you were all the earth to me,
That you indeed, were worth to me
Your darling weight in gold!

On the gold standard you remain
For me, my own, my life,
But lo! the Law will not admit
That you are worth a thruppenny bit
Save as a "worthless" wife!

Y. Z.

Was it Murder?

Continued from page 28

the local police station he had nothing of any moment to tell. Part of "the Gillan method."

We didn't mind much. Thorne was talking enough for two, although he never said anything of great import.

He even went as far as having two daily Press conferences—one for morning papers and one for evenings.

But all the time he must have been wondering why Inspector Gillan didn't come to see him.

That, again, was part of the Gillan method.

"Let him talk," said the inspector when informed of Thorne's garrulity. "I'll see him when I want him."

And at length the two did meet.

GILLAN went to the farm and knocked on the door of the hut. Thorne opened it.

"I suppose you know who I am?" said the inspector.

"A reporter who's a bit late? I suppose," said Thorne coolly.

"I am Chief Detective-Inspector Gillan, of New Scotland Yard, and——"

The door shut with a slam. Detective and suspect were together in the hut of secrets.

When they finally emerged, we saw that Thorne was going back to the police station with Gillan.

Things were getting warm. But as yet no charge was made. The mystery of Elsie Cameron's disappearance was not yet solved.

Next day we saw a detachment of the Sussex police begin digging in the poultry farm. They went over the ground systematically, and before long they turned up a fibre attaché case.

It contained a pair of pebble-lens spectacles and women's clothing which belonged to the missing Elsie Cameron!

I rushed to 'phone my paper. Only a question of time now before the whole mystery would be cleared up.

The police continued digging with feverish energy, but by nightfall nothing more had been found.

The digging squad was sent away, and Jack Gillan gave us reporters an assurance that they had packed up for the night.

As an old stager, I don't always trust such confident assurances from detectives, even when I know them well. On a job, they will lead their best friends "up the garden."

So, to be on the safe side, two colleagues and myself went back to the poultry farm at ten o'clock at night.

We saw lanterns flickering everywhere. A uniformed constable barred us at the gate. He was tremendously excited.

"You cannot go in to see Mr. Gillan," he said. "They have just found the body! They dug it up wrapped in sacks—over there."

He pointed to the corner of a fowl-run.

Enough for us, anyway. The car was sent racing back to the hotel to tell the other reporters to come to the farm.

Presently three policemen came out, one trundling a wheelbarrow which carried two bundles covered in earth-soiled sacking—the remains of poor little Elsie Cameron.

Another policeman followed, carrying a tin biscuit-box. It contained the severed head.

Through the night, for a distance of nearly a mile-and-a-half, that grim procession proceeded from the farm to the mortuary.

It was, I think, the most grisly cavalcade I have ever seen.

After putting over the story to my newspaper, I began to piece together the facts behind Gillan's order to dig at night, after promising us that nothing would happen.

Thorne left alone in a room of the police station and brooding over the discovery of Elsie Cameron's luggage, had decided that he would talk.

He sent word that he wanted to see Gillan, and then he made a full statement.

First, he described how Elsie Cameron arrived unexpectedly at his hut, and announced that she was going to stay there until he married her.

"There was," continued Thorne, "an argument between us about her coming down without making arrangements and insisting on staying with me.

"ABOUT half-past nine I told her that I had arranged to meet Miss C—— (the other girl) at the station. She protested, but I forget the actual words she used, and she suggested we should go to bed.

"I again refused to agree to her proposal, and told her to go to bed and I would be as quick as I could."

When Thorne returned after an absence of two hours, he found Elsie Cameron hanging from the roof beam. At least, that is what he said.

For half-an-hour he had pondered what to do, and then he resolved to cut up the body. He stripped it and burned the clothes in the hut fireplace.

By the light of the fire he carried out the horrible dismemberment. Next morning he buried the remains.

Norman Thorne was tried for the murder of Elsie Cameron before Mr. Justice Finlay at Lewes Assizes in March, 1925. He was brilliantly defended by Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., but without success.

The prosecution suggested that Thorne, quarrelling with the girl, knocked her down and then, when she was lying on the floor, hit her with some instrument. She died, they maintained, from the shock of those blows.

It was pointed out there were no rope traces on the beam from which the girl was supposed to have hanged herself. The jury accepted that view, and Thorne was condemned to death.

Personally, had I been a member of the jury, I should have fought to give Thorne the benefit of the doubt.

MY theory is this: Thorne's hanging story was a lie. That occurred to him after his detention by the police. All through he proved to be a man who had to trim the truth with lies.

There was a most violent quarrel between the girl and the man in the narrow, littered hut. She tried by force to prevent him going to keep his appointment with the other woman.

He struck her, and she fell against the table or the iron bedstead. She lay there, and Thorne in his passion stalked out of the hut leaving her to lie moaning on the floor.

Elsie Cameron died from the shock of the blow from the man she loved, the heavy fall, and also from the mental shock of realising that she had lost him—that the other woman had captured him. And also because she was in a delicate state of health.

Really, Thorne died because, instead of going to the police with the truth, he cut up and buried the body when he found it on his return to the hut.

"Murder," said the jury after the fairest and fullest trial.

But I thought then, and I think now: *Manslaughter.*

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THREE STAR PORT
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is an excellent wine and wonderful value for money.

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12/- *per bottle*

SANDEMAN
PORT

The case of the beautiful bookworm
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NOBODY INVITES ME ANYWHERE DAD!
AND I WISH I COULD FIND OUT WHY DAD! I'M SICK OF BEING A BOOK WORM!
HM-EVER READ THOSE BAD BREATH ADVERTS DORIS? NEXT TIME YOU SEE OUR DENTIST ASK HIM ABOUT THEM, WILL YOU?
SO DORIS SEES HER DENTIST
IT IS A FACT THAT TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S-
YOUNG LADY DO YOU REALIZE WHAT TIME IT IS? AND THAT YOU HAVE BEEN OUT EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK?
BOOK WORM INTO BUTTERFLY, AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT DAD!

Now—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes the teeth sparkle! Get a tube to-day and watch results in your own mirror.

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Eight of the best tobaccos even Scotland has ever produced, Sir—that's how Four Square have tackled this tobacco question! And every one wins by three points: made from pure tobacco naturally matured—free from artificial flavouring—and kept fresh in the internationally famous Four Square Vacuum Pack! Choose your favourite from the list below—one try and you're converted!

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A lighter blend of the Original Mixture, with a very pleasant aroma.....1/2½d. *per oz.*

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A blend of the choicest selected Empire tobaccos, cut from the cake, and cool and sweet in smoking.....11d. *per oz.*

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A blend of the choicest Empire-grown Virginia and Oriental type tobaccos.....10½d. *per oz.*

CURLIES (PURPLE SQUARES)
A medium strength Empire-grown tobacco in the popular "Curl cut" cut, very cool and long-lasting. Each disc is a blend in itself.....10½d. *per oz.*

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IF you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, read Mr. Bennett's special message and advice on page 12—then fill in the coupon, for full details. It may make a wonderful difference to your future! Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject mentioned in the announcement of the Bennett College, which has a staff of 197 in daily attendance—all at your service!

Ambitious Readers—
Don't overlook the Bennett College announcement on page 12.

SHORT STORY— —BY HEDLEY BARKER

LITTLE WONDER

WITH the simple wistfulness of a child, the Hobo stared into the shop window.

A lifetime of longing was concentrated in his dark eyes; the sum of all his frustrated desires, bitterness, a throbbing ache to possess.

The big man chewed tobacco, spat with accuracy at selected marks, and watched.

The Hobo looked tough. He had a week's growth of stubble, a cauliflower ear, and there was power in his frame.

But the look of toughness was discounted by his mood of reverie.

Every line of his features, even the discouraged set of his shoulders, revealed an infinite sadness. He stared, and was oblivious, lost in the byways of memory, beset by the new pangs of old disappointments, and barren of any hope for future gifts.

The big man, curious to discover the attraction, moved up to the window.

In the midst of various gear useful to gold prospectors was a square ticket bearing the inscription: "*Little Wonder*, 1 *Dol.*"

The Little Wonder was a mouth organ, and on this was riveted the Hobo's gaze.

The big man, Donovan, felt no surprise. All sorts of queer guys were to be met with in a gold rush.

HE spoke, and at the sound of his voice the Hobo returned with a start to his location in the Western hemisphere.

"Dandy, ain't it?" was Donovan's opening.

"It sure is," replied the Hobo, with the kindling eye of the enthusiast. "Double reed.'

"Double reed? Well, that's double Dutch to me. You can play one of them things?"

"Sure. I wouldn't say I was a Larry Adler, but I can play—or could, anyways."

"Could?"

"I ain't played since a long time. Mine was a Little Wonder. They're tops. They got everything. Ever hear of a guy called Chopin?"

"A player?"

"No. Composer. That Funeral March of his——!"

Donovan marvelled as he saw the moisture of a tear in the dark eyes.

"Fan of his, ain't you?" he suggested.

"He knew it all," was the answer.

"And you don't play him any more?"

"Not since a guy nicked my organ. Twelve months ago last fall that was. Dirty, double-crossing son of a ——".

"But they're only a dollar?"

"That's all. A guy's got to live. When he's lived he can play, if there's anything in the kitty. But the dice never rolled for me.

"I ain't wanting big cigars and feather beds, Mister. All I want is to feed and sleep, and play that guy Chopin now and then.

"But they never come up a double six for me. I ain't had a dollar all in one go since I can remember, and I wouldn't of had that Little Wonder, either, if my buddy hadn't of give it me."

"Kind of nuts on playing music, ain't you?"

"Nuts?" Those dark eyes stared with hunger. "I guess I feel the same way as a drunk who has been on the wagon for a couple of hot summers. Playing music? I get so I shake with the want of it, Mister. And that guy Chopin ——"

"Sure," put in the other. "I guess he's a crackajack. And that Little Wonder in there—it's yours. A dollar? Listen. What's a dollar? How'd you like dollars to burn?"

They talked over drinks in the Grand Rapids saloon overlooked by the Six Smiling Sisters, whose shapely legs, displayed in a large photograph, would that night produce high kicks in the flesh.

THE whole population of gold-diggers would be packed into the barn-like structure which formed the saloon annexe, and the Western Union Goldfields Bank was at the other end of the town.

These two facts had struck Donovan as the basis for gun-cotton and sudden wealth.

"All you got to do," he said, "is to keep your eyes skinned. Soon as you see a live human moving in the field of view, let out a yell—see? It ain't a job of work, it's just nothing at all, not a hand's turn.

"You'll get rich quick without exerting yourself. What say?"

"I'm all for getting rich quick without exertion," said the Hobo with a wry kind of grin.

On the way to the bank that night they passed big, stern-eyed men who carried six-shooters, all moving like moths towards the candle of youth and beauty at the Grand Rapids saloon.

As they progressed eastwards the shadows grew deeper.

The town was a mushroom growth, and the naphtha flares were concentrated mostly at its centre, which was the focus of social life.

DONOVAN walked at an even pace, avoiding any suggestion of haste, or of serious purpose. He looked like a man out for an evening stroll.

In this way they came to the bank, a hastily constructed building whose only claim to the title was the huge safe inside.

The door was stout, but Donovan had met with a number of stout doors in the course of a successful career, and this one gave him no more than ten minutes of trouble.

Once inside, it was a matter of moments to place the guncotton where it would do most good.

He was just about to lay the train when his electric torch slipped from his hand. It fell with a clatter, and they found themselves suddenly plunged into darkness.

As Donovan groped to retrieve his torch, a curse escaped from his lips, for he found that the bulb had been shattered by the fall.

He drew a dollar bill from his pocket and thrust it into the Hobo's hand.

"Quick!" he commanded, "take my torch and run to that little store on the corner and get me another bulb. I must have light to see what I'm doing."

The Hobo took the money, and left Donovan, kicking his heels, censured himself with lurid oaths for his clumsiness.

Ten minutes passed. In another five the Hobo should be back. What a one-horse, God-forsaken burg this was!

LOOKING at his watch about five minutes later, he felt his heart give a violent leap.

The door burst open and a blaze of light filled the room.

"Stick 'em up!" said the voice of authority. "Right up!"

The gleam of the Sheriff's badge announced his doom as he turned round in panic.

"You and me'll have a talk in my office," said the Sheriff.

"Not on your life!" snarled Donovan desperately.

His hand shot to his automatic, but, quick as he was, the Sheriff was quicker. The officer's gun spoke first and Donovan slumped to the floor with a groan.

* * *

When, a few minutes later, the little procession of the sheriff's men left the bank bearing the limp figure of Donovan between them, the street was empty, save for a solitary figure standing on the corner at the end.

It was the Hobo. Rapt, oblivious, he was playing the Funeral March on the "Little Wonder" . . .

BEECHAMS PILLS KEEP MY WAIST-LINE DOWN

Beechams Pills are made from the finest vegetable products and provide just what you need to keep you in tip-top condition. For millions of people Beechams Pills are the simple, golden rule of health: so simple to take, gentle, yet always effective. You can get Beechams Pills everywhere.

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for over 90 years the supreme remedy for CONSTIPATION, *Biliousness, Digestive Upsets and Depression*

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Think—Then Ink!

F	I		E	S

Look at the incomplete word above and consider each word of the Clue, "Firemen occasionally get in really dangerous ones."

The big prizes in JOHN BULL'S *Crosswords go to readers who most successfully work out a set of interesting problems such as this. Turn to page 40; don't jump to conclusions about your Answers but think them out slowly and carefully—that's your way to a Life Pension Joy Wire!*

AUTUMN COUGHS ARE DANGEROUS

Autumn is a trying time for the human body. The blood, the pores of the skin, and the respiratory system which have adapted themselves to the hot sun and the dry atmosphere of summer are not yet prepared for the fogs and cold winds of winter. The season of mists and cool evenings frequently finds the body unguarded. It is at this time that germs of the common cold and cough find it easiest to take root and are most likely to prove dangerous.

At the first sign of an autumn cough get a bottle of Famel Syrup from your chemist and take a dose regularly. Any germs which have attacked your lungs will be destroyed by Famel Syrup's powerful antiseptic component, soluble Lactocreosote. It works this way. Lactocreosote diffuses into the blood stream and is carried straight to the lungs where it kills and disperses the germs contained in the phlegm which forms there. Rawness of the throat and mucus membranes caused by frequent coughing will be soothed by the syrup's sedative constituent, while the normal depression and lassitude which result from coughing will be overcome by its tonic component.

Take Famel (brand) Syrup and maintain your vitality against the coming of winter with its influenza and epidemics. A little Famel now will save a lot of coughing later on. Prices 1/6 and (triple quantity) 3/-.

Famel Syrup

Brand

CONQUERS COUGHS

He's had every make on test . .

. . . but found Bondman the coolest smoke of all

The more hectic a man's life is, the more he needs a pipe to help him to relax—and Bondman's cool, smooth smoking is the biggest help of all.

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

10D PER OZ. • EMPIRE BLEND

11½D PER OZ. RICH RUDDY • VIRGINIA

The Coolest Smoke of all!

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

THIS IS WORTH 10/- TO YOU—

This Voucher entitles any reader of "John Bull" to participate in Benson's offer of their £6.15.0 'Triumph' watch for £6.5.0.

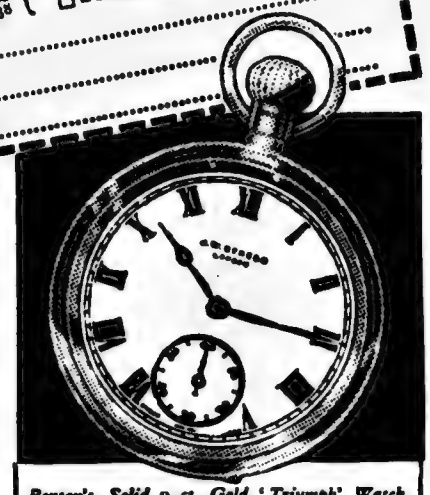
To J. W. BENSON, LTD., 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4.
The original firm founded A.D. 1749.

Please send full particulars of the £6.15.0 'Triumph' Watch offered here at £6.5.0. Please also send details of your 'Times' System of Monthly Payments and the catalogue(s) I have ticked. J.B. 12.11.38

☐ A Pocket Watches, Chains, etc.
☐ B Wrist Watches (ladies' and men's)
☐ C Rings ☐ D Jewellery, Cig. Cases etc.
☐ E Plate, Cutlery, etc. ☐ F Clocks

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



Benson's Solid 9 ct. Gold 'Triumph' Watch £6.15.0—Offered here at £6.5.0.

BENSON'S offer

★ **LOWEST** price ever quoted for a gold watch of Benson accuracy.
★ **REDUCED** monthly payment terms.
★ **DISCOUNT** of 10/- if you act now.

5/- **WITH ORDER** is all you pay to become the owner of this handsome SOLID GOLD BENSON WATCH on the most generous terms that Bensons have ever offered. This is Benson's £6.15.0 'Triumph' watch but Bensons are offering a strictly limited number at £6.5.0. If you act now you can have this fine watch for 5/- with order and pay the balance of the reduced price in 12 monthly sums of 10/-. No extras for monthly payments. The 'Triumph' has a fully-jewelled lever movement covered by Benson's full written guarantee of ACCURACY and the case is of HALL-MARKED SOLID 9 ct. GOLD. It is offered to you at the lowest price ever quoted for a gold watch of Benson accuracy, on reduced monthly terms, with the further benefit of a special 10/- discount! Never was a more attractive opportunity offered to secure this famous watch. Post the above voucher now for FREE watch catalogue and special order form.

BENSON'S SHOWROOMS (at the foot of Ludgate Hill) are well worth a visit. Open daily, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats., 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Other Benson Offers.—You may purchase any of the goods listed in the coupon on easy monthly terms at cash prices. Post now for free catalogues.

Post the voucher above—**NOW!**

Phillips TONIC YEAST

If your food you can't digest Take PHILLIPS YEAST you'll find it best

A Splendid Tonic and Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES and NEURITIS
Purifies the Blood and clears the Skin.
All Chemists 1/3 & 2/- Always say PHILLIPS

. . FREE FROM DRUGS . .
RICH in VITAMIN-B

WHEN THERE'S A DEPRESSION OVER ICELAND

NIPITS

WILL KEEP YOU WARM
PKTS. 3D TINS. OF ALL CONFECTIONERS

HELPLESS WITH RHEUMATISM

"I was helpless, so I thought I would give your tablets a trial; they (Urace Brand Tablets) have done me the world of good; what wonderful tablets they are."—S.J.K., Didcot. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-

£100 in prizes

Win a big cash prize in this fascinating competition. Mason's Ginger Wine Essence has for years been a favourite non-intoxicating drink the world over. Win a prize and also experience the comforting warmth of this delicious economical drink. A 9d. Bottle of essence makes 8 pints of delightful Ginger Wine.

All you have to do is to construct from each of the following words:—

ECONOMICAL COMFORTING DELICIOUS

as many words of 3 letters and over as possible, for example:—

1 ECONOMICAL Comical, Come, etc.
2 COMFORTING For, Morn, etc.
3 DELICIOUS Sole, Lose, Use, etc.

Then make a slogan of not more than five words (see rule 5 below) such as:—

"THE SUCCESS OF THE PARTY"

1st £50, 2nd £25, 3rd £10
30 of 10/-, 400 Consolation Prizes

Read carefully the following simple rules:

1 Words must be placed in alphabetical order and only those which appear in the current edition of a Standard Dictionary will be allowed.
2 Enclose list of words and slogan, with your name and address, in an envelope and address it to Dept. 61. Newball & Mason Ltd., Nottingham. On the back of the envelope state the total number of words constructed.
3 Every entry must be accompanied by the top flap taken from a Mason's Ginger Wine Essence Carton.
4 No correspondence will be entered into and the judges' decision is final.
5 Every entry must be accompanied by a five-word slogan for Mason's Ginger Wine Essence. In the case of a tie, the winner will be decided by the best slogan.
6 Entries must be received by or before the first post December 12, 1938. Winners will be announced in the DAILY MAIL, December 22, 1938.
7 There is no limit to the number of entries which you may send in provided each one is accompanied by the top flap from a Mason's Ginger Wine Essence carton.

MASON'S GINGER WINE ESSENCE

Newball & Mason Ltd., Nottingham

AUTUMN CHILLS

STOP THEM IN TIME WITH

2 Tablets of Phensic

Winter-long weakness springs out of colds and chills. So act NOW! You need Phensic for a swift cure, immediate comfort and NEW strength. Read High Medical Authority opinion of Phensic's 4 active ingredients:

(1) Reduces *fever*. Valued for speedy relief of all *nerve pain*.
(2) Brings restful *calm* to body and mind. Physicians marvel at its efficiency.
(3) Powerful *specific* against *Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism*. Prevents growth of bacteria.
(4) Encourages elimination of rheumatic, cold and influenza poisons through kidneys.

PHENSIC is PURE . . . POWERFUL . . . SAFE.
Get a supply to-day! 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

Difficult CHINS

The Chest Protector Chin

With a chin like this you can start with a keen new blade near your ear, and find it dull by the time you get to the point of your jaw. And that long sweep simply eats up shaving sticks. Unless, of course, you use Vinolia. The Vinolia lather is so efficient as a beard softener that it reduces blade wear to next to nothing. And so copious that even with a chin like this you still get 125 shaves for 9d—*and* a bakelite drainer case.

9d

VINOLIA

SHAVING STICK

★ REFILL STICK 7½d

There is a splendid range of Vinolia Gift Boxes for Christmas, from 1/1 to 10/6, including a very ingenious 2/1 'book' box containing four tablets of Vinolia Soap. A beautifully illustrated price list will be sent to you on application to Vinolia Co., Ltd., Bebington, Wirral, Ches.

VSS 76/118.

Compare

Allinson Oats help a man win! There's *stamina, endurance, reserves,* in Scotch Oats, and Allinson's give you more for your money! *Compare* quality, price and quantity with any other breakfast food—then you'll *always* demand *Allinson* Oats — the best the world produces!

FREE GIFTS *for users. Write for illustrated list to Allinson, 210, Cambridge Road, E.2.*

Allinson

WINDMILL SCOTCH OATS 7½D

Tell Your Child the Truth!

I WANT to talk to you this week about a problem which, sooner or later, faces all parents.

It is typified by three letters I have received, two of which are from mothers.

The first writes:—

"My only child, a girl of sixteen, was always passionately fond of babies.

"She would beg to be allowed to take care of young children, and her greatest ambition was to become a children's nurse.

"But last year, she discovered how babies were born, and the idea horrified her so much that now she will have nothing more to do with them. She won't even look at a baby.

"I feel that this is unnatural. What can I do to help her?"

This, perhaps, is an extreme case, because few girls reach the age of fifteen without learning what we call the facts of life.

A great many girls begin asking questions long before they are in their 'teens, and a great many mothers tell them.

Not all, of course. There ar still mothers who repeat the fairy-tales about storks, gooseberry bushes, or the doctor's black bag.

FORTUNATELY, these stories are less common to-day than they were a generation ago.

It is dangerous to tell children lies. Once they find out they have been deceived, they lose faith in adults.

They become secretive about the whole subject, and, worse still, form the impression that there is something "nasty" about the way we all come into the world.

The mother who cannot bring herself to telling the truth can shelve the problem by saying: "Some day I will tell you all about it—when you are old enough to understand."

But that is not very satisfactory. Young children are impatient, and may find out from the wrong sort of person.

The girl of sixteen who won't look at a baby is so abnormal that she ought to be treated by a psychologist. I imagine that she did hear the facts (probably distorted) years ago, and they were told to her by some other child whom she disliked.

The idea was associated with a most unpleasant experience, which she buried in her subconscious mind. She made herself forget.

Later, when the facts were repeated, the horrible experience was unearthed. She could not separate them from their unhappy associations.

The mother missed her opportunity years ago, and I advise her to hand over the daughter's problem to a woman psychologist.

When the girl realises just why she shudders at the thought of birth, she will be on the way to being cured.

The second mother who has written to me reveals a dilemma which is all too common.

We talk about ignorance being bliss, but this case shows how ignorance can also be a crime.

For, when this mother's little girl became curious about the mystery of life, she answered honestly because she felt it was wrong to tell the child untruths.

NOW, she says: My daughter accepted it all very naturally.

"She kissed me and said: 'I'm so glad you were my mummy and not somebody else.' Then I knew that I had done right.

"But I did not bargain for what happened next. She was so thrilled at knowing the secret that she rushed off to tell all her friends.

"Don't send your children into the world without telling them the facts of life"

"Now I have received a curt letter from her teacher requesting me to take my little girl away from the school.

"Apparently she is not fit to associate with the 'nice' children who are kept in ignorance.

"What do you think I should do?"

The answer is obvious. The girl should be sent to a better school—one which is run by a different type of teacher. Sex-scared women ought not to have the job of handling young children.

Some teachers give definite instruction in the facts of life, usually with the approval of parents; and others who do not explain everything give "broad hints" in the lessons on biology or nature study.

They deal with the reproduction of flowers, birds, fishes, and eventually mammals. Many children guess the rest; but not all.

Parents may try this method if they have the necessary knowledge, but if they are shy or embarrassed they can use other means.

There are plenty of little books which children can read for themselves. They are quite cheap, and, although it is not my place to advertise them in print, I will gladly send particulars to any parents who ask for them.

Remember to enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

I believe that young children should learn the truth about birth as soon as they begin to ask questions about it.

There are other things which should be told to children when they reach their 'teens, but I must deal with them another week.

A THIRD letter comes from a man teacher. He says:—

"I overheard a group of boys discussing the origin of life, and the lad who did most of the talking was explaining that the mother had to undergo an operation.

"I heard the same story myself when I was at school, and it was not until I was nearly twenty that I discovered it was false.

"Surely it is rather ghastly that these ideas should circulate among children, when it would be so easy and so much more sane to correct them.

"I would do so myself, but I know that if I did there would be a rumpus about it.

"Why are we British people so afraid of the subject?"

I happen to know that the story of a surgical operation is very common among children, and it is enough to frighten girls for years. They have heard of the Caesarean operation, of course, and imagine that it is the usual thing.

Now, if I were a teacher and overheard such a discussion in the playground, I would join in and try to point the fallacies by simple illustrations.

Only the most stupid types of parent would want to report my conduct and, if they did, I should know that at least three-quarters of the committee would be with me in my attempt to enlighten the children.

Such an informal chat is worth far more than a formal lesson, for, ultimately, everything depends on the spirit of friendship between pupils and teacher.

In any case, it is a sin to send children out into the world without knowing the essential facts of their existence.

Humanist's Page

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.

£1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted

"Greatest of These . . ."

FOR the past eighteen months Mr. Jackson, an ex-Service man, has been unemployed because of continual ill-health.

Arthur

After paying 13s rent, plus 6s. for insurance and clubs, Mrs. Jackson has a hard struggle to keep the home going for her ailing husband and delicate little son, Arthur.

In fact, Mrs. Jackson has been overcome by her difficulties and is now seven weeks behind with the rent.

With food prices going up as winter approaches, this distracted woman has made her first appeal for help.

* * *

We ask readers who are in a happier position to do their utmost to send a donation earmarked "Arthur" to assist this distressed family.

Address your letters to the Hon. Secretary, War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Where names and addresses are given donations will be acknowledged.

Gifts of warm clothing are also welcome.

IRON STRENGTH IS YOUR DEFENCE

against winter ills and chills!

Iron-Starved Blood

If you are iron-starved your blood is weak and unable to destroy invading germs. Consequently you fall an easy victim to colds and influenza.

Iron-Strong Blood

is rich, red and vigorous! It is able quickly to destroy invading germs. Get IRON-STRENGTH now and be free from colds this winter!

Winter is coming, and cold and influenza germs will soon be massing for the attack. In bus and tube, in theatre and cinema, in office and workroom, street, and home, they will be searching for those whose defences are too weak to resist them.

Be prepared! IRON-STRENGTH IS YOUR DEFENCE! Begin to build up your IRON-STRENGTH at once! Start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' *with your next meal.*

Soon you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement in your health and vitality. Your appetite will be keener, you will sleep better, work better. Fortified with IRON-STRENGTH you will be able to face the trying winter weather without feeling miserable and shivery, without having beastly colds, without having to spend weeks in bed with 'flu.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' are easy to take and cannot injure your teeth. And they improve digestion. Everyone can afford IRON 'JELLOIDS.' The 1/3 size lasts 10 days, the 3/- size 36 days—only a penny a day!

Iron Jelloids®

For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine). For WOMEN: No. 2. For CHILDREN: No. 1.

fortify you with IRON-strength to overcome

Weakness	Depression	Poor Appetite	Paleness
Exhausted Nerves	Breathlessness	Weak Digestion	Sallowness
Lack of Energy	Faintness	Constipation	Failing Hair
Tiredness	Palpitation	Headaches	Brittle Nails
Liability to Colds	Heart Pains	Sore Tongue	Skin Blemishes

Of all chemists and stores: 3/- *(36 days' treatment);* 1/3 *(10 days' treatment)*

The word 'Jelloids' is a regd. trade mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

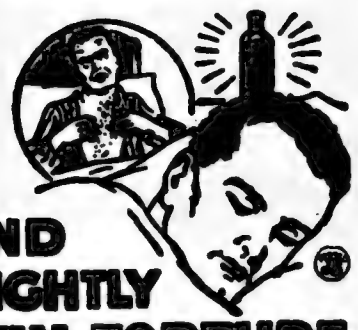
GOOD OLD EPSOM SALTS

Now tastes just like a sweet

That time-honoured, stand-by Epsom Salts is now compounded into tablet form. Handy sugar-coated tablets called Epsotabs. So easy to take—just swallow one or two with a glass of water before you go to bed. So thorough in their action—every scrap of poison-waste is carried gently and easily away. So safe, even for children—doctors always recommend Epsom Salts. You'll recognise EPSOTABS—THE LAXATIVE by the bright yellow, red and green carton. Only 2d., 6d. (or 1/3 family size). Send for generous free sample to EPSOTABS LTD. (J.B.51) 59, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DO YOUR FALSE TEETH ANNOY YOU?

If your Teeth slip or click, cause you constant annoyance and embarrassment, sprinkle Dr. Wernet's Powder on your plates. It renders suction perfect instantly—grips teeth so secure yet comfortably they feel natural. Positively no slipping or clicking—blissful comfort assured all day long. Forms a special comfort-cushion to protect and soothe gums—no more soreness. No coloured, gummy paste—keeps mouth fresh—breath pleasant. Inexpensive—sold by Chemists everywhere.



END NIGHTLY SKIN TORTURE

A few drops of D.D.D. Prescription will stop the maddening itch of Eczema almost as instantly as switching off the electric light. But far better, D.D.D. Prescription rapidly and totally heals the disease by eradicating the germs and poisons which cause the eruption. Get a bottle of this amazing liquid healer from your Chemist and sleep in peace to-night!

D.D.D. Brand Prescription is splendid also for Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Impetigo, Ulcers, Pimples, Boils, and any form of skin trouble. *Of all Chemists, price* 1/3 *a bottle.*

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

A trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent free on application to the D.D.D. Laboratories, (Dept. H.M.12), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D D D PRESCRIPTION

"BRITAIN'S DEFENCES" Picture Cards in all packings.

15 for 6d. 10 for 4d.

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD.
150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

PJ220

PARTICULAR PEOPLE PICC A PICCADILLY

Eaten Up with RHEUMATISM & BACKACHE

Now Fit as a Fiddle, thanks to Cystex

NURSE AT LAST FINDS A MEDICINE TO END HER CHRONIC RHEUMATISM

Few people have the advantages of a Nurse in being able to call in the best medical advice for her health troubles, so the testimony of Nurse C. G. of Melton Mowbray is especially interesting to sufferers from Rheumatism and other Kidney and Bladder Troubles. "*I don't often try things from advertisements, but I ventured to try your Cystex for Rheumatism which I have suffered from for years, and I feel I must tell you how much I have benefited from it after only a 3/- box. I have now ordered from my chemist a 6/- size and he tells me he sells a great deal of it.*" (Sgd.) Nurse G. G.

PAINS IN BACK FOR 12 YEARS

"*I am writing to tell you of the wonderful value of your Cystex tablets. I have been in dreadful pain with my back for over 12 years. I have been under the doctor's treatment and have tried lots of other things, but could get no relief.*"

(Sgd.) Mrs. E. E. B., Bishop's Stortford.

Both these ladies purchased Cystex on guarantee that if it did them no good they could get money back. If you suffer from—

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, PAINS IN BACK, NERVOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, LEG PAINS, CIRCLES UNDER EYES, LOSS OF ENERGY and APPETITE, PUFFY ANKLES, BURNING, SMARTING, PASSAGES, or have to "GET UP NIGHTS"

the chances are 100 to 1 that your kidneys are at fault, but you will soon be well again if you take the right medicine for these troubles. Thanks to Cystex, there is now a positive speedy, guaranteed remedy for all the troubles shown above.

An eminent physician has discovered that every one of these ailments is due to kidney trouble, i.e., the faulty elimination by the Kidneys of waste matters, toxic poisons and acids (including the dreaded uric acid) from the system. This famous doctor has given his valuable prescription to the world, now known everywhere as Cystex—and approved by Doctors and Chemists in 73 countries—the medicine that must do you good or cost you nothing.

CYSTEX HELPS NATURE 3 WAYS

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system, safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles—

(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.

(2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.

(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

NO BENEFIT—NO PAY

This is the only fair and honest way of selling a medicine. Go to your chemist to-day for Cystex, costing either 1/3, 3/- or 6/-. If it does not put you right, return the empty package to the address below (not to your chemist) and your money will be refunded in full. Act now! and you'll be well in next to no time. The Guarantee protects you.

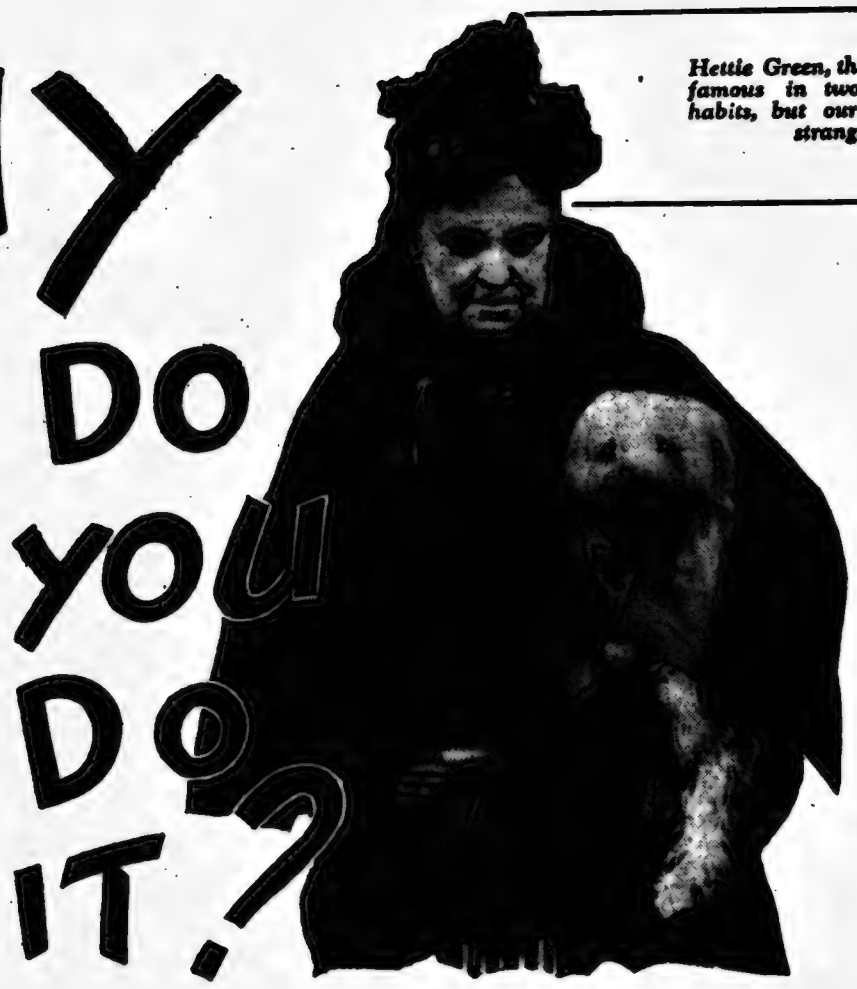
Cystex *for* KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

The GUARANTEED Remedy

Cystex is obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors and all Chemists price 1/3, 3/- and 6/- per box

Knox Laboratories Ltd., 81 Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C.1

WHY DO YOU DO IT?



Hettie Green, the miserly millionairess, was famous in two continents for her queer habits, but our readers tell dozens of far stranger stories than hers

THERE is a low-hung lamp in a busy alley of the City of London which is broken maliciously as often as the local authorities care to mend it.

Many a policeman has taken a quick peep round a corner in the hope of catching some London urchin in the act of shying a stone through the glass.

The other day, however, when a reader of JOHN BULL went to open his office window, the Great Alley Mystery was solved.

He caught a top-hatted man of the City magnate type in the act of driving his umbrella through the lamp!

Why does he do it?

Why do so many responsible and otherwise normal people acquire eccentricities that are almost incredible?

That second question is prompted by hundreds of readers' letters received since a minor eccentricity was described in our "Voice of the People" page.

A Derbyshire farmer tells of a young man who goes into one of his fields once or twice every week, strips to the waist, and aims savage straight-rights and upper-cuts at a supple hedgerow branch.

The young fellow is a bank clerk, quite sensible, well able to afford a punch-ball if he wanted one.

Letters describing how a clergyman, doctor, surveyor, schoolmaster and many more make themselves conspicuous by trying to avoid stepping on a line as they walk along the pavements are not altogether astounding.

Numberless people grow up with the childish belief that a surprise will be waiting at the end of your journey if you step dead in the middle of every paving-slab.

But why does a Leeds man pick up every discarded matchbox and crush it in his hands? Why does a Loughborough man touch every paper bag with his toe, a Bradford man tap every lamp-post with his walking-stick, a Belfast man walk six paces backwards once in every street?

ALL these stories, remember, concern otherwise normal people. We have discarded every incident relating to people who are abnormal in other ways.

A Knightsbridge woman tells of her own father, who lives with her—"as practical and sensible an old sea-dog as ever stepped off the bridge of a cargo boat."

Every year he goes to the Boat-race, and always he insists on taking along with him newspaper accounts of the previous Derby to read while waiting for the crews to come into sight.

Members of the family have sought an explanation. Always he roars back: "I read what I like. Nobody is going to exercise any damned censorship over me!"

Then there used to be a clergyman at Burton-on-Trent who would suddenly take off his hat, "run like the wind for twenty yards," and then, replacing his hat, walk on in most decorous fashion.

A Newcastle woman will always find a new seat in a local restaurant if an egg is consumed in her line of vision—fried, boiled or poached.

Hats play a big part in these stories of eccentricities:

A Belfast man raises his to the lamp-post outside his house.

A wife tells us of a husband who keeps his hat by the bedside, and always reaches out to don it in the first minute of getting out of bed.

A London man always removes his hat at the first stroke of midnight from Big Ben, and doesn't replace it until the last echo has died away.

The hour of twelve seems to have other eccentric devotees.

One is a Bournemouth man who for many years walked to St. Michael's Church there, waited for the ringing of twelve mid-day, and then turned back home.

WHENEVER a Chatham man heard twelve chimed on any clock he stood stock still and tapped it out on his hand.

A Northampton man always draws his umbrella and brings it to the salute before raising it in a rainstorm.

A Birmingham man will never turn in the street without doing an "about turn" military fashion. And a Wigan man always clicks his heels to a rigid "'shun!" before mounting a kerb.

Do you remember Hettie Green, the New York millionairess, who, despite her fabulous wealth, behaved as though she were incredibly poor?

Glasgow has a counterpart in a well-to-do woman who will always try to sell the programme of any theatre she has visited. In no other respect does she show any trace of meanness.

LONDON editors can tell of one very common-sense fellow with a curious trick.

Whenever he calls on them he holds a piece of string in both hands and keeps tying and untying a knot throughout the whole of the conversation.

One editor told him that if he didn't explain the strange habit he would never see him again.

And with a wry smile he said:

"I am quite well aware that I'm a very ordinary-looking fellow. There's nothing about me that anybody would remember. So I keep playing about with this length of cord.

"Then I know that at least people will remember me as the Man With the Piece of String."

It may be that many other of the eccentricities we have outlined have equally simple explanations.

But a London psychologist assures us that most queer habits are due to some shock received in early life.

If, say, the shock happened when the child was near a lamp-post, the sight of a lamp-post in later life will release memories in the subconscious brain and be likely to make him act in a strange fashion. So the habit is formed—and persists.

And so we witness the eccentricities noted by JOHN BULL readers.

COLDS Rubbed Away overnight

with the 3-Minute Vick Massage

Nothing to swallow—nothing to upset the digestion. Just do this at bedtime: (1) rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub briskly on throat and chest; (2) rub it also on the back; (3) to lengthen and strengthen its double action, spread it thick on the chest and cover with warmed flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The massage starts Vick working direct through the skin like a poultice. At the same time, warmed by the body-heat, Vick releases powerful healing vapours that are breathed in 18 times a minute direct to the air-passages of the nose, throat, and chest. Working for hours in these two ways, Vick soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, makes breathing easy. The patient drops off to restful sleep. By morning the worst of the cold is over.

VICK VAPOUR-RUB

Race with 'Silver Ring'

Young Champions

WE shall soon be seeing the Jockey Club's official estimate of the two-year-olds in the form of the Free Handicap.

Every racing man has a favourite among a season's two-year-olds. In recent years, I marked off Blenheim, Cameronian (who ran only once as a two-year-old), Hyperion, and, of course, Bahram, as prospective Derby winners many months before the Epsom race was run.

The only classic winner this season who could have been fancied last autumn was Scottish Union. Pasch and Bois Roussel did not race last year, and Rockfel was rated 25 lb. behind the Free Handicap top weight, Portmarnock.

In four races this term, Portmarnock has not been placed. Scottish Union, second in the Free Handicap, has well justified the assessment. Then came Mirza II, who won the Greenham Plate at Newbury and failed in three subsequent races.

The filly Radiant has run many times and not won. Unbreakable won once, at Ascot, but has failed five times. Monty has won a couple of sprints, but has never shown top-class form as in his juvenile days.

Real Estate and Stafaralla have not won a race between them, and Golden Sovereign has done nothing but disappoint since he won the Newmarket Stakes. Tamasha has not run, and Ann of Austria has been beaten in her four races.

Such is the record of the leading twelve in the Free Handicap of last season's two-year-olds. What fate is in store for this year's young champions?

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, November 10, to Wednesday, November 16.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: PXE95C95 would read DOMAHA. Where a double letter occurs in the name the figure 2 is substituted. RX98X2P would read LOWOOD.

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs.' It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6

Make your paintwork look like new!

Those housewives who prefer the easier, quicker and better way of doing things always use Min Cream for cleaning their enamel paint. Just a few rubs with this white cream removes the dirt and restores the brilliance of the enamel, making your paintwork look like new. And Min is just as easy, just as quick, just as bright for all highly polished furniture.

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

TINS 6d. & 1/- OF ALL DEALERS. M/C1/.0

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

HELP YOUR DENTIST PROTECT YOUR TEETH

USE

KOLYNOS

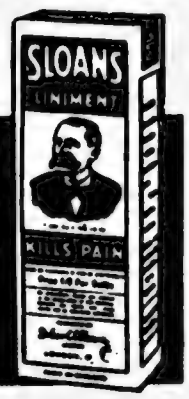
KOLYNOS not only cleans your teeth perfectly, but protects them against harmful germs which cause decay. Its proved antiseptic and cleansing action ensures a healthy mouth, firm gums and white attractive teeth. Use **KOLYNOS** twice every day. 1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

BACKACHE. PAIN *fades out as* SLOANS *soaks in*

Backache and lumbago are bad enough if you can lay up, but when there's work that *must* be done they are sheer torture. If you haven't tried Sloans, do so without fail. When the pain is so severe that you scarcely dare breathe, let alone bend, gently apply Sloans to your aching back and loins. Almost at once you will feel a soothing warmth steal through the tortured tissues. Then the pain begins to fade away and soon stops. Sloans relieves pain and removes stiffness in the most natural way by stimulating the circulation and thus dispersing the congestion that causes the pain.

If you are subject to attacks of **backache, lumbago, neuritis, sciatica,** any form of **rheumatism** or **cramp** in the legs, you should always have Sloans in the house.

Apply it at the first twinge and arrest the pain. Get a bottle from the nearest chemist now! 1/9 per bottle.



SLOANS

Brand Liniment

KILLS PAIN

Recognise me NOW? — I was the weakling you laughed at last year!

IN a much shorter time than that — in a few weeks in some cases — lots of girls and men who looked so weak, so anæmic, so delicate that people laughed at them in bathing kit; who were so shy they always stayed in the background, have gained so much in spirits and looks that now they're the centre of attraction.

They just weren't getting the benefits from their food. They weren't getting enough Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus or enough Vitamins. And their meals didn't give them enough Food Iodine.

If you find you're losing your attraction, if you're getting dull and tire easily; if you're nervy and run-down, try adding to your food these elements which are so often destroyed in modern cooked foods. Just take "Vikelp" with your meals. You'll be amazed at the difference even a few days will make.

These chocolate flavoured "Vikelp" Tablets are simply a concentrate of a wonderful deep Sea Plant which is the richest known source of just these missing elements, Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus and the other minerals, all the six essential Vitamins and above all the invaluable Food Iodine. You must have these in your blood and glands.

MAKE THIS NO-COST TEST TODAY

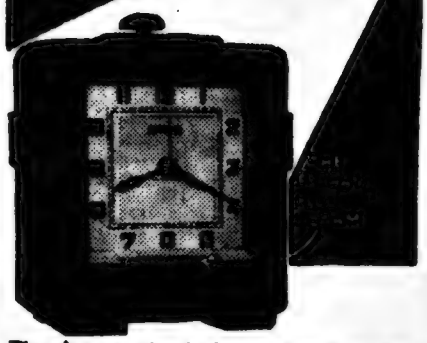
If you are weak and run-down, nervous or so much underweight you're shinny, get a ten-day bottle of "Vikelp" Brand Tablets. If you don't feel and look better, sleep better, have stronger Nerves and banish stomach troubles, the makers will refund your money in full. Obtainable everywhere 1/9, 3/6, 6/9.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Tear out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you, absolutely free, a fascinating 50-page book on How to Add Weight if needed—Banish Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism and Anæmia, Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. I.B. 11/2 128 Baker Street, London, W.1.

REVITALIZE with **VIKELP**

A FLOODLIGHT ON CORRECT TIME



The alarm setting is designed on a 24-hour basis and will function only once every 24 hours without having to be reset for the following day. The floodlighting of the dial is automatically controlled to switch on at approximately 12 midnight and switch off at approximately 8 a.m.

Model No. 7, moulded case in Walnut, Green or Blue enamel finish **38/6**

A.C. Mains 200/250 volts. 50 cycles.

Sold by High-class Jewellers, Electrical and Radio Dealers. Ask or write direct for Catalogue J.B./C13, to :—

FERRANTI LTD., HOLLINWOOD, LANCS.
London : Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

FERRANTI CLOCKS

IS ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY CLEAN?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.
HARPIC

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

RESTLESS NIGHTS

—now only a memory!

"Unable to rest with pains around my kidneys, urination so frequent as to cause great inconvenience. I started Bole's Gin Pills and the pains left my back and I felt quite restored and well again."—J.S.L. From chemists 1/3 and 3/- or post free from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 31/32a, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Write for FREE Sample!

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 25.

Pains in the Back

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Rheumatic Pains, Painful Joints, Urinary Disorders, Bladder Weakness, Disturbed Sleep point to Sluggish Kidneys

WHY STRUGGLE on with that crippling pain, when Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills could put you right? Doans Pills stop the self-poisoning caused by weak kidney action. They stimulate and cleanse these vital organs, helping them to rid the blood of the harmful impurities which make life a misery. Thousands of grateful users recommend Doans Pills for backache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, getting up at nights, swollen ankles and limbs, lumbago and sciatica.

"Doans Pills put me right"

Mr. C. Bloomfield, 177, Convamore Road, Grimsby, says: "Pains in my back were so acute I had to lie up on occasions for weeks. The water was unnatural and caused a scalding pain when seeking relief. I had splitting headaches and dizzy bouts. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills was the medicine I needed. They soon put my kidneys right and rid me of pain. I feel I have only Doans Pills to thank for my freedom from backache, lumbago and urinary disorders.

(*Signed*) C. Bloomfield."

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

WHEN YOUR HEAD IS DULL AND HEAVY

When your tongue is furred, your bowels costive, and you rise in the morning tired, with no relish for breakfast and dreading your work; when you are bilious, and unable to look at food; when you feel fit-for-nothing, and have no energy, no interest or ambition—*your stomach and liver are out of order.*

It may be the weather or overwork, errors in diet, or some natural weakness; but, whatever the cause, your stomach and liver need immediate help. Indigestion is poisoning your system and sapping your vitality. Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup will surely help you. It will renew your appetite, stimulate your liver to healthy activity, regulate your bowels, make food nourish you, and give you new strength, new energy, new life. Test it to-day. Price 1/3 and 3/-.

Serious OPERATION ordered for PILES

TORTURED for years with painful piles, Mrs. G. could get no relief. "I attended ——— Hospital," she writes, "and then St. ——— Hospital for operation, but I suffered agonies after. Doctor wanted me to have yet another operation but I objected; I tried 'Nemolin' . . . it was the *only* thing to give me relief. I've tried ointments from Hospital, but nothing relieves like 'Nemolin.'"

Why go on suffering the torture of itching or bleeding piles? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- a tube—relief is guaranteed or money refunded.

"JOHN BULL'S" POOLS PARLIAMENT

A Better Graded Guide!

● Pool fans, this is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JUST a year ago I introduced my Graded Guide to readers. Flattering things have been said about it.

But I am marking its first birthday by presenting it to you in a new form, with several new features.

I shall stick to the method of grading which is the main feature of the Guide, but you will find that the new form makes it easier to use.

Also, it will make it easier for me to illustrate—as I intend to do in future weeks—*how it can be used for any type of pool.*

Instead of the ordinary fixture list, set out in League divisions, the matches are listed in the Guide according to the *form* probabilities of the home team winning. The bigger the chance of a home success, the higher up in the list will the match be given.

Look at this week's new-form Guide, for instance.

You will see that Hull, on form, is the most likely home winner in the five Leagues. Chester, on form, is next—Stockport next and so on.

Pick out any match in the list and the chances of a home win are always slightly less than in the match immediately preceding it.

In this way, each match is graded. And at the end of the list are the games in which the away teams have the form advantage.

Column A shows whether, on current form, the home team or the away team is the stronger.

This week I have assessed 38 home teams as being stronger than their opponents, while in matches 39 to 54 the away team is considered the stronger.

Naturally, I don't suggest that all these stronger teams will be successful. That would be too much to expect.

But in an average week about 24 of the 38 home clubs and five or six strong away teams will win. The other results will prove the inevitable "surprises" of the week.

It is to provide for these deviations from *strict* form, particularly in the penny pool games, that I give you next Column B.

Here I record the next most likely results if form expectations are not realised.

Sometimes reversal of form can be traced to a particular cause. Many teams have "bogy" clubs against which they rarely produce their normal game.

In Column C of the new Guide any matches in which *tradition* dictates that you should accept *form* with caution are shown with an asterisk, thus *.

Where you can, avoid these matches. If you have no choice, try to cover these starred games with a full permutation.

In these new features I am confident you will find the Graded Guide still more valuable.

Since its first appearance I have recorded the performance of the Guide in the past.

The following table summarises these results. Readers can see for themselves how the Guide has worked out in the past and what standard of accuracy can be expected from it in the future:

These matches resulted, on average, in

	Homes.	Draws.	Aways.
Matches 1 to 10	7	2	1
Matches 11 to 20	6	2	2
Matches 21 to 40	11	4	5
Matches 41 to 54	5	4	5

Note that the first 20 matches produce a high percentage of home wins and that the last group contains more aways or draws. As you would expect, the middle group of 20 shows no particular bias.

Six Out of Six

Can you recommend a system for the six results (six-out-of-six) pool? I usually spend half my 5s. stake on this pool each week.—C. G. M., Portsmouth.

Make a list of the matches in the order shown by the Graded Guide for a start. Then choose two home bankers from the first three matches on this list and one away banker from the other three. Mark the remaining matches as follows:

A. x x x x x x 2 2 2 2 2 2
B. x 1 x 2 x 1 x 1 x 2 x 1
C. x 1 2 x 1 x x 1 2 x 1 x

A is the match from the first three which you do not take as a banker, and B and C are the matches left from the second three after choosing an away banker.

Worth While?

Which is the combination of results in the six-out-of-six pool that occurs most frequently? Would it justify forming a small syndicate to enter the most usual combination of results each week?—W. M., Coatbridge.

The most usual combinations are three homes, two draws, one away, or three homes, one draw, two aways. However, I do not recommend entering a fixed permutation to cover these results. No single heading comes up often enough to make this profitable.

If you want an entry for a small syndicate, the system suggested to C. G. M. above could be extended by using several different sets of bankers.

They Like "History"

Here is a suggestion that may be profitable. In the penny pool, mark down the results of the matches as they happened last year in the corresponding game. This usually leaves for permutation two or three teams which did not play each other last year. A few weeks ago I got nine out of twelve correct by permuting three matches and following last year's results for the rest.—A. E. W., Newport.

A check-up on this year's penny pool games shows that last season's results were repeated in, roughly, 50 per cent. of the matches. Not sufficient to be relied on completely, but this fact could well be used to cut down a permuted entry.

3 Wins: 4 Weeks

The following method for the five-results has given me three wins in four weeks:

My first line is complete form, the second is taken on League position, giving a home win to teams who are above, or not too far below, opponents. Next a line of teams which are usually good at home, and lastly, I try for a big dividend by forecasting the most difficult matches on the list. The first three of these lines have each come up for me to date. Do you like the idea?—H. L. L., Cobham, Surrey.

Yes, I like the idea, but you are wrong on one point. A correct forecast of the difficult games does not mean a big dividend if the "easier" matches result according to form. For a long shot in any pool you want one of your lines (one is enough) to oppose form and then hope for a complete "turn up."

For Bankers

For bankers in the penny pools I have found the following simple idea very useful. Mark the first line of selections exactly as the results of the previous season. Then compare with the Graded Guide, and where the form indicated there agrees with last year's results, make the game a banker.—W. K., Newcastle, Staffs.

Testing this idea over the season to date seems to point to x-2 permutation for matches which were 2's last year and are near the bottom of the Guide this year. Home wins are very rare, but it is not safe, on this evidence alone, to make the games away bankers.

Small investors in the pools should study the "Sporting Life Weekly" every Saturday for the special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of many useful features included in the "Weekly's" comprehensive pools service.

Graded Guide and Pools Chart

by Poolex (copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, November 12, not in the usual League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the expected results.

Recent form has been compared by awarding points according to the merits of the last six performances of each team, and this comparison determines the position of each match in the list below.

Thus, the most likely home winners, on form, are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and the end of the list contains the most likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest that form may well be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, **avoid games marked *; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2) in pools where each match has to be forecast.**

	November 12, 1938.	A	B	C
1	Hull v. York	1	x	
2	Chester v. Rotherham	1	2	
3	Stockport v. Gateshead	1	x	
4	Barnsley v. Darlington	1	2	
5	Kilmarnock v. Hamilton	1	x	*
6	Mansfield v. Notts C.	1	x	*
7	Stoke v. Aston Villa	1	2	
8	Reading v. Swindon	1	x	
9	Middlesbrough v. Huddersfield	1	2	
10	Plymouth v. Tranmere	1	2	
11	Motherwell v. Ayr	1	2	
12	Clyde v. Raith Rovers	1	2	
13	Leeds v. Brentford	1	2	
14	Queen's Park v. Aberdeen	1	x	*
15	Liverpool v. Arsenal	1	x	*
16	Southampton v. Manchester C.	1	x	
17	Southend v. Bristol City	1	x	
18	Bradford City v. Rochdale	1	2	
19	Sheffield U. v. Chesterfield	1	2	*
20	W.B.A. v. Sheffield W.	1	x	
21	Burnley v. Swansea	1	2	
22	Oldham v. Carlisle	1	2	
23	Luton v. West Ham	1	x	
24	Lincoln v. Wrexham	1	x	*
25	Cardiff v. Watford	1	x	
26	Tottenham v. Bradford	1	x	
27	Manchester U. v. Wolves	1	x	
28	Q.P.R. v. Aldershot	1	x	
29	Bolton v. Blackpool	1	x	
30	Newcastle v. Fulham	1	x	
31	Leicester v. Portsmouth	1	x	
32	Birmingham v. Everton	1	x	
33	St. Johnstone v Third Lanark	1	2	
34	Barrow v. Doncaster	1	x	
35	Bristol R. v. Torquay	1	x	
36	Bournemouth v. Newport	1	x	
37	Preston v. Grimsby	1	2	
38	Halifax v. Crewe	1	x	*
39	Hearts v. Rangers	2	x	*
40	Brighton v. Clapton O.	2	1	*
41	Coventry v. Millwall	2	1	
42	Chelsea v. Sunderland	2	x	
43	Walsall v. Northampton	2	x	
44	Charlton v. Derby	2	1	
45	Arbroath v. Hibernian	2	x	*
46	Exeter v. Crystal Palace	2	x	*
47	Notts F. v. Blackburn	2	x	*
48	New Brighton v. Southport	2	x	
49	Partick v. St. Mirren	2	1	
50	Norwich v. Bury	2	1	
51	Accrington v. Hartlepools	2	x	*
52	Albion R. v. Queen of the S.	2	x	
53	Ipswich v. Port Vale	2	1	
54	Falkirk v. Celtic	2	x	

Bricks and Mortar

for new factories, workshops and housing schemes are in demand. There is a big demand, too, for 'Digger' with the thousands of men engaged in building programmes up and down the country. In fact, 'Digger' is an essential part of the smoker's programme. For, off the 'shift' there is no more popular tobacco. Real value and smoking quality at eightpence an ounce have made 'Digger' the biggest seller among the Empire tobaccos.

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

8d

FLAKE · SHAG · PLUG · MIXTURE · HONEYDEW

R.D.67

WOMEN DEMAND THAT "WELL-GROOMED" LOOK THAT ONLY THE

OLIVE OIL SHAVE

GIVES MEN

. . . and so choose men's shaving cream

WITHOUT KNOWING IT!

It's an open secret among men that the kind of appearance women admire most is that "well-groomed" look. No doubt that's why more men rely on Palmolive than on any other shaving preparation for their smooth chins every morning. *You* will find the generous olive oil lather of Palmolive a match for the toughest beard. And if you want any more points in favour of Palmolive, read these five!

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after effects due to olive oil content.

Have you seen the latest Bush Button Radio?

Before buying your radio, simply fill in and post the coupon for full particulars of the Bush P.B.55 model illustrated on page 6.

A vegetable garden that will *double* your crops!

PREPARING the ground—that's the important thing to remember when making a vegetable garden. Get "Gardening," the handy, pocket-size magazine which tells you all about bastard-trenching, ridging and digging as the experts do it. Diagrams make the job all plain sailing. Some fine new roses are described in a special article. Particularly lovely is "Crimson Glory." How to build a trouble-free Pergola, shrubs for the small garden, rock garden magic, Honeysuckle as a climber, are topical articles designed to put more beauty in your garden. There are 27 articles and features and 57 illustrations in the November number.

100 PAGES FOR SIXPENCE **GARDENING**

CROSSWORD NO. 131

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 45 is presented the 131st of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all doubtless will be based on the Answers of Competitors.

This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any point in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, December 1, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "JOHN BULL'S" free weekly Crossword Gazette, obtainable by enclosing with your entry the Reservation coupon on page 45. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

MOON ONLY 25 MILES AWAY The World's largest telescope will bring the moon within 25 miles of an observer perched in its vast steel interior! Read all about this huge scientific marvel in "Armchair Science," the magazine that transforms dull and "difficult" subjects into exciting stories of achievement and discovery. Read also "Fighting Ice in the Air." "The Birth of a Girder" and "Endless Underground Trains" in the November number.

100 PAGES 6d.

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE

28 Articles and Features—62 Pictures.

Send for this

FREE CATALOGUE

of BENSON'S Famous Watches and Jewellery

ILLUSTRATED on page 33 is an outstanding example of Benson's famous watches, known throughout the world for their sterling quality. Full details are contained in the FREE Catalogue which will be sent to all who fill in the Enquiry Coupon. A copy of Benson's Free Catalogue, containing hundreds of wonderful articles, Watches, Jewellery, etc., will also be sent to those who send the coupon marked for that request, or who write mentioning "John Bull" to J. W. Benson, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4. Get a copy to-day!

Fill in the coupon on page 33. The Special Voucher is worth 10/- to You!

★ A FREE New

RECIPE BOOK

Send at once for a Copy!

EVERY housewife and cook ought to have a copy of the latest and newest recipe book "*Magic in the Kitchen.*" It's simply yours for the asking. It's Free! It describes, for instance, how you can make lemon filling *without cooking*—and make it in a moment, too! All you need do is to send a postcard to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd. (C.32), 6A, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, and "*Magic in the Kitchen,*" the new recipe book, will be sent to you by return Free!

INCREASED PENSION WITH THE XMAS FEASTS AND £1 XMAS BONUS PARCELS

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

£600 CASH

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

B/G XMAS HAMPERS

One with each prize of £2 and over.

One to EVERY prize-winner in this contest who submitted not less than eight squares (or equivalent) in one envelope.

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Thursday, November 17, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 1. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, December 6, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 89.

5 Big Cheques & Radios

Won in Crossword No. 129.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 129, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one square (see on right) were the following 5 competitors:—

MISS L. CRIGHTON, 26, Rathmore Terrace, Cork.
MRS. R. GOLDSMITH, 13, Cherry Walk, Hayes, Bromley, Kent.
J. R. KENNERLEY, 34, Dunstall Rd., Evington Rd., Bowdell, Manchester.
A. J. PIKE, Pitches Bridge, Gt. Bardfield, Braintree, Essex.
MRS. R. WILLIAMS, 56, Bromley Rd., Bolton.

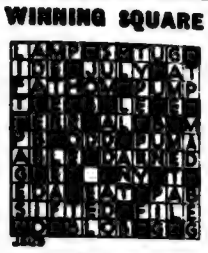
Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £500, and a cheque for £100 will be sent to each, together with an 8-Guinea "Cosmor" Radio.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, November 15, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 80 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 5s. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 612 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point HEEL, PEEL and REEL were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

WINNERS' WORDS.

ACROSS—1. LAMP. 5. YES. 8. JULY. 9. PUMP. 11. ERR. 12. GOD. 17. HAT. 20. FILE. 21. SLOP.
DOWN—1. LIFT. 2. SUN. 4. GAME. 5. JOB. 6. ROB. 9. RUN. 10. MAD. 11. PAGE. 12. METAL. 14. LEAF. 15. ANT. 16. HEEL, PEEL or REEL. 18. PIG. 19. RED.

TEN FINE PRIZES OR FOUR-FIGURE FORTUNE FREE.

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Monster Xmas 10-in-1 Offer Coupons on page 43. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Carelessness is in some cases the cause of upsetting
3. People object to stupid one
5. One would expect neighbours to talk over
7. May be the kind in which men are lost
9. Describes fur that's smooth and glossy
12. Firemen occasionally get in really dangerous ones
14. One is expected to have
15. Sometimes makes one really angry
19. About half-crown is what is generally given for one
20. One who roves
21. One can go ahead quickly when taking quiet one

DOWN CLUES.

1. It's a bad job if it doesn't pay
2. Female sheep
3. It may be most awkward to get stuck in this
4. There is often a flutter when one is started in office
6. Simple one is easy to draw
8. Mark is made when this is hit
10. This of hair is enough to upset some people
11. Kiddies in nursery sometimes cut comic one
13. There's a lot of fun in being on the road in this
15. Many big businesses have been started on
16. One needs good horse for jumping
17. One bears with this

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 131. Closing Thursday, Nov. 17, 1938.

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....No.....
With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d. 4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 131, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin." Please arrange:—

(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.

(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

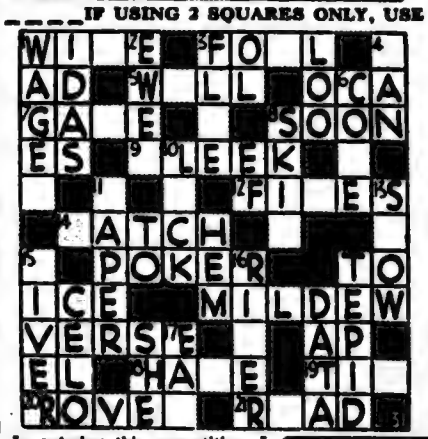
Name .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 131. Closing Thursday, Nov. 17, 1938.

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....No.....
With 6 squares send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
With 8 squares send P.O. for 2s.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. 8 SQUARES 2s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Competitors requiring a regular supply of "TIME-SAVA" Entry Sheets should apply for "Crossword Gazette" by sending coupon above.

The Editor Laughs Last

"Bullets" Illustrated:

Like A Baby—Kidnapped—Bridegroom, To Mother!

BILL (Rickmansworth).—"It is all very well for you to talk, but how do you think you would look with a black eye?" Out of the other one.

BOXER (Oswestry).—"After I had lost the fight, my trainer offered to massage me with oil." And you told him there was no need to rub it in?

G. S. T. (Amersham).—"A game of chess at a tournament actually lasted twenty-four hours in all." Further proof that even chess is influenced by this age of speed!

MECHANIC (Bromley).—"Because I failed to explain a blueprint properly the boss sacked me. I simply cannot understand it." That's probably the reason.

S. J. (Wakefield).—"How should one dress on a bitterly cold day?" As quickly as possible.

MR. K. (Frinton).—"Even my wife admits that I am a man of rare gifts." See letter below.

MRS. K. (Frinton).—"Although my husband is earning a good salary, he has not made me a present of any sort for the last five years." See letter above.

L. T. (Cambridge).—"I am going to bet on just one more horse, and, take it from me, it will be the last." Then why bet on it?

MRS. C. (Chelmsford).—"I complained to the poulterer that the chicken was all skin and bones." And did he offer to let you have the feathers?

* * *

W. N. (London, W.).—"In the middle of one of his lengthy yarns, our club bore suddenly got up and stamped up and down the room." Had his foot gone to sleep, too?

* * *

D. M. (Tiptree).—"Do you think there is any money in the idea of designing more attractive English copper coins?" Well, you might make a pretty penny.

W. A. (Histon).—"Say what you like about nudists, you seldom find them laughing at one another behind their backs." Or up their sleeves.

M. S. (Dorchester).—"Even in a restaurant I always start a meal with a drink of warm water." But we suppose it figures on the menu as soup.

CONDUCTOR (Brixton).—"What do you think I did when one of the passengers refused to pay the proper fare?" You told him where he got off?

LUCY (Dudley).—"I'm going to marry a commercial traveller. Do you think a man in this line is likely to make a good husband?" Why not? He should be used to taking orders.

A. N. (Norwich).—"When a good joke is told by a radio comedian, there is laughter at a million firesides." That is so. When a good joke is told by a radio comedian.

F. H. (Kew).—"Scientists believe that in a few years they will exterminate the common cold." In the meantime nothing is being done about exterminating the pest who always has an infallible cure for one.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope, "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"All are INSURED, Whiteley seriously."

WOODFORD EXPRESS AND INDEPENDENT:—"Soaked with rain and HEARING footmarks of passers-by who had evidently not noticed them, ten £5 notes were found . . ."

CAMBERLEY NEWS AND BAGSHOT OBSERVER:—"The 1st Regiment Royal Horse Artillery (Aldershot) sent four DRAGONS to take part . . ."

THE ESSEX WEEKLY NEWS:—"The wedding GUESTS included a wireless set and cheque from the staff."

NORTHERN WEEKLY GAZETTE:—"Tie in a muslin bag 1½ teaspoonsful each of CLOTHES, allspice, black peppers and ginger.

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"On a DOUGH estimate the scheme would necessitate . . ."

S. N. (Falmouth).—"I could play the organ for hours without a stop." Then yours must be a remarkable kind of organ.

* * *

H. L. (Bradford).—"I am hoping shortly to produce a new kind of thread by a secret process." Yet another mystery yarn!

* * *

F. W. (Worcester).—"This year I have been lecturing on some famous steeples." Wouldn't platforms have been safer?

L. P. (Croydon).—"The law is still heavy and cumbersome." Perhaps that is why some people are so keen on laying it down.

EX-COLONEL (Exeter).—"Even as I sit by my own fireside in the evening, I can hear the call of the Far East in my ears." You must have a much better radio set than we have.

MRS. T. (Margate).—"What is actually meant by food for the gods?" Oranges at a pantomime.

E. L. (Ripon).—"I have hit on the idea of running a giant exchange mart." But who on earth has any giants to exchange?

F. E. (Oxford).—"What do I need to open a small tobacco shop in a country district?" A key.

* * *

W. M. (Gravesend).—"If a girl caught in a shower begins to hurry, her stockings may run." And if she doesn't hurry, her complexion may run.

* * *

R. M. (Uxbridge).—"If a typist is really fast she can always keep her job." Unless, of course, the boss's wife suspects her.

O. P. (Dursley).—"I arrived home late and had to tell my wife off for only having a cold supper laid for me." And she made it hot for you after that?

S. A. (Dawlish).—"What would you call a person who devises an entirely new method of punctuation?" Shorthand-typist.

W. L. (Bow).—"Anyway, the Big Four of Munich have assured us a peaceful Christmas." But to make it a *merry* Christmas, you need the Big Ten—they await you on pages 42 and 43.

AMATEUR CONJUROR (Balham).—"All that is needed for this illusion is a top-hat and a pair of rabbits." A really expert conjuror would require only the hat.

S. V. (Ryde).—"Does the modern girl's flair for flirting really leave a lasting impression on any sensible youth?" Well, only a little lipstick on his face, as a rule.

DOCTOR (London, N.).—"May I remind you that food which has been cooked twice does not form part of the ideal diet?" We do not need reminding. Risoles for remembrance!

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Dad . . . **Washed Out!** **by Maz**

ACID STOMACH

First Dose Gives Instant Relief

If you are suffering after-meal penalties—heartburn sour, acid stomach, griping pains and a wretched feeling of semi-suffocation—you must not neglect these symptoms or you may be faced with the danger of dyspepsia or gastritis.

Here is the quickest and surest way to end Indigestion and the pain and danger caused by acid stomach. Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder at once. The first dose gives instant relief and before long you have ended indigestion misery for good. Here are facts which tell you why this wonderful remedy gives such quick results.

De Witt's Antacid Powder at once neutralises the sour, acid stomach. It actually digests a portion of your food. It nurses the weak stomach back to health and enables you to eat and enjoy all your food. Its colloidal-kaolin content soothes and protects the stomach lining.

All forms of Indigestion disappear as if by magic when De Witt's Antacid Powder is taken. Even when chronic dyspepsia or gastritis have resulted from slight indigestion neglected, there is still hope if you will start to-day to take—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

the quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation, Heartburn, Gastritis and all Stomachic Affections. Of all Chemists, price 1/6, double size, 2/6.

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

BANISH Backache *caused by* **Kidney Trouble**

Backache is really kidney ache. The kidneys are clogged-up with impurities. They become sluggish. Harmful pain-causing poisons accumulate and then starts that down-dragging weakness and exhausting backache. To end your pain you must restore the kidneys to health. Only a genuine kidney remedy can do this. That remedy is De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

De Witts Pills act directly on the kidneys. Within 24 hours from the first dose you will have positive proof that your weak, sluggish kidneys are being cleansed. These famous pills restore the kidneys to health so that the cause of your trouble is cleared right away. Your bad backache ends. The quick relief you experience becomes permanent benefit, and medicine is no longer necessary.

DE WITTS KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Specially prepared to remedy Backache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Joint Pains and Urinary Disorders. Sold by chemists everywhere, 1/3, 2/- & 5/-.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for Graves Display of latest Fashions showing the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest prices, on the fairest of Easy Terms

3/- Monthly

Bourbon

This extremely smart Stroller Coat is designed in the newest fashion, cut in the full length swing style now so much in favour, & splendidly produced in an excellent quality of Astrachan - Curl Cloth. The collar & revers are of bold dimensions, while the plain sleeves & welted sloping pockets are in perfect harmony. The garment is beautifully lined with plain Art. Silk to tone, and is available in Grey, Rust, and Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. (Busts 32 to 38ins.) Lengths: 42 & 44ins.

Price **32/6**

Terms: 3/- monthly

WRITE NOW FOR

PATTERNS POST FREE

Write for full range of cloth Patterns of Newest Models: Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, &c., in latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment you require with self-measurement Form and full particulars Sent Free per return. Styles and Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' & Girls' Fashions, and we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, and Matrons' Clothing, etc.

NO CHARGE FOR EASY PAYMENTS

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Housewives—

Get this FREE BOOKLET

"A Little Bird Told Me"!

Contains Many Helpful Suggestions

WOMEN readers are offered the opportunity of securing a free useful and interesting little booklet entitled "A Little Bird Told Me." It is offered free by the makers of the famous Robin Starch and tells you how easy and economical starching can be. Simply fill in the coupon on page 29, or, if you prefer, write, mentioning "John Bull," to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 614, Hull. Accept this free offer now, while you think of it.

FREE Course of Training in A.R.P. Work.

Send at once for Free Enrolment Forms!

In the interests of the nation, the Bennett College, Sheffield, are prepared to teach A.R.P. work to all Managers of hotels, their Night Porters or Watchmen, also to Managers, Firemen or Watchmen of any large concern where there are a number of residents or a large staff. Should you or any of your officials or acquaintances who come under this heading desire to accept this offer, please write at once to Dept. 31, the Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield, for the number of free Enrolment Forms required and they will be sent by return. Further details of this offer appear on page 18.

128-page Book FREE

"The Inside Story of Football"

GEORGE ALLISON tells you all about Football—the true story of big Clubs—how to pick winning teams, etc. And that's not all. The book shows how you can get wonderful gifts free. All you have to do is to cut out the Quaker figures from 2 packets of Quaker Oats (or Quick Quaker) and send them in an envelope addressed to Quaker, Dept. J.B.1, Quaker Oats, Ltd., Southall, Middlesex.

How to get rid of Rheumatism

I have a simple but WONDERFUL REMEDY for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout, and "acid" complaints. Not a drug nor medicine, but a tropical plant called HERVEA. A beverage is made of the tiny leaf which you prepare and drink like ordinary "Tea." No trouble or fuss, you make it in your own home; the RELIEF IS FELT AT ONCE, and becomes evident more and more every day. Hundreds of people in all ranks of life have received lasting benefit and have sent me letters praising this wonderful little plant. Drink a cupful of HERVEA each morning and you will feel a different being. The reason is that it expels the uric acid poisons and PREVENTS NEW ACCUMULATIONS of further acid deposits in the system.

FREE TRIAL PACKET

Just send me your name and address, stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss, also a stamp for postage, and I will post you Free of Charge a trial package. If you feel that you are getting benefit I will supply a further quantity at a small charge. I do not vend patent medicines, but can say, from long experience, that the product now offered is most effective for Rheumatism and allied complaints, and what it has done for others after years of suffering it will do for you, if you will give it a fair trial. Address:

MR. H. LEE, Colonial Importer (Dept. 12b), 3, ALFRED PLACE, LONDON, W.C.1.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

Thousands of people are using elaborate aids to hearing who are not really deaf. They have Catarrh, which chokes the Eustachian tubes so that they cannot hear well. In these cases NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy can remove the cause of the trouble. It opens clogged air-passages. Brings away poisonous mucus. Removes congestion. Get NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy to-day. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-. *Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE" J.76, Bristol, 8.*

TAKE PURITAN SALTS FOR RHEUMATISM.

£100 in Cash Prizes FREE!

MAKE a bee-line for one of the many cash prizes offered in a simple Contest by the makers of Mason's Ginger Wine Essence. Full particulars are announced on page 33.

1st £50, 2nd £25, 3rd £10,

are being awarded, in addition to 30 of 10s. and 400 Consolation Prizes. Every entry must be accompanied by a top flap taken from a Mason's Ginger Wine Essence carton. Send your entries with your name and address in an envelope and address it to Dept. 51, Newball and Mason, Ltd., Nottingham. Turn to the announcement now on page 33.

ONE WEEK ONLY to win £2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE With

START NOW—USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

FIT together a few simple words in a spare half-hour to-day and win one of the finest prizes ever offered!

Your golden goal is the monster 10-in-1 Christmas First which dominates these pages. See for yourself how a fine Life Pension, a £300 Fortune and eight other presentations have been welded into one gigantic reward for a Bullet. Realise, as you study its absorbing details, that it may well be yours if you get busy on your entry at once.

To win this Christmas Giant, or any of the other big cheques and Yuletide feasts, this is all you have to do. Simply take any of the *Examples* given and build with it a *Bullet* of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment.

A good way to start is to select a few *Examples* and jot down the rough ideas they suggest. These you must then polish into finished *Bullets*.

For instance, against the *Example* DAD'S PINT you might at first scribble *No One Dare Take Away*. From this you could readily produce the typical *Bullet*, DAD'S PINT—EVEN HITLER DAREN'T THREATEN!

You could have made up any of the prize *Bullets* below—and you can make the *Bullet* for "John Bull's" sensational 10-in-1 First Prize. But if you want that golden Joy Wire on Friday, December 2, your entry *must* be posted on or before Saturday, November 19.

BRITAIN'S BUSINESS
SHEATHING THE SWORD
DAD'S PINT
TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS
SONNY'S WORK
WORLD OF HAPPINESS
YOUTH DEMANDS
TO KEEP HER
MAN UNDERNEATH
BE HONEST AND
PATRIOTS
FORCES OF NATURE
IF YOU CAN
LAUGHTER'S A TONIC, SO
SAID THE BRIDE
SPREADING
HIS HANDS
IN THE WINDOW
IT'S A HARD FIGHT, BUT
SEA OF ADVERSITY
THE OTHER FELLOW
TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD
MOTHER'S GIFT
IS WAR INEVITABLE?

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,142

First Prize, £50 cash and £50 each Birthday—or £250 lump sum:
L. LIVINGSTONE, c/o Cranagill Manse, Annaghmore, Co. Armagh.
Example: THE WORLD
Bullet: "GIVES ONE TURN" DAILY.

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

E. J. FAULL, 21, Marcet Road, Dartford, Kent.
Example: The Hospital
Bullet: "Overflowing"—In "Low Water."

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

W. WILLIAMS, 17, Coburn Crescent, Lewes, Sussex.
Example: Mother And Dad
Bullet: Their "Match," My "Torch."

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: H. MACKIE, 13, Monson Avenue, Cheltenham.
In Hospital—Gentle Touches—Cruel "Blows."

£8: J. W. WRIGHT, 5, Wilshire Avenue, Hanham, Bristol.
To Britain—Liberty Almost Worth Conscription!

£7: G. A. SPARKS, 20, Glenfield Crescent, Ruislip, Middx.
Mother And Dad—Re-live Struggles, Relieving Strugglers.

£6: N. J. FISHLOCK, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Perseverance Pays, So—Copybook Says—Bankbook Doesn't!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£5: J. CROWE, Command Pay Office, Aldershot, Hants.
At Crossroads—Sonny, Because "No Roads."

£4: Mrs. L. COOPER, Racecourse Road, Northallerton, Yorks.
The World—"Colourful"—Must We "Stain"?

£3: H. MOUNTFORD, 162, Walsall Road, Gt. Wyrley, nr. Walsall.
What Britain Forgets—Being "Jellyfish" Encourages "Octopus."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

TEN OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. E. BRAYSHAW, 76, Healey Wood Road, Burnley.
For What He Forgets—Henpeck Gets What For!

C. H. BROWN, 63, Admiral Street, Liverpool.
In Hospital—Hitler, *Solly* Threw Bouquet!

G. E. COOKE, 29, Oaklands, Winchmore Hill, London, N.
Mother Awaits—"Sonny"—Crowd Awes Celebrity.

Mrs. M. HARDY, 6, St. Mary's View, Okes Road, South Darley, nr. Matlock.
Her Mother—"Bloodhound" Criticising My Nose.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

H. HUNT, Station House, Chapel Lane, New Longton, nr. Preston.
Peacemaker Neville — Father Criticises—Mother Doesn't.

R. JOHNSTON, Drumconnelly, Omagh, Co. Tyrone.
What Britain Means — Remember — Forget Britain's Meanness!

W. KINGSLEY, 3, Sterne Terrace, Sterne Street, Liverpool.
Mother And Dad—Raising "Chicks"—Faiths Faded.

L. PAPWORTH, 20, Leas Road, Deal, Kent.
Grandpa—"Tank" Crimean Army *Had*!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

F. STACEY, 34, Alexandra Road, Balby, Doncaster.
Grandpa To Dad—Sonny To "Uncle"—Watch!

A. E. TURNBULL, 3, Eyre Street, Sunderland.
To Get Things Done—Move—Don't Keep "Shifting"!

A list of 50 £1 1s. Birthday Surprise Winners can be seen at these offices.

In this Contest, No. 1,142, entrants were permitted to use either the given "Examples" or construct their own from 1, 2, 3 or 4 words figuring in them. In response to scores of requests, another special "Bullets" Contest of the same kind will be announced next week.

"Bullets" MONSTER FIRST-10 XMAS PRIZES in 1

£300 PLUS XMAS PRESENTS FOR YOURSELF & FAMILY AND FINE RADIOGRAM WITH 25 RECORDS

PLUS LOVELY XMAS PRESENTATIONS

1 1 4 6

5	SUPER XMAS HAMPER	
6	NEW FURNITURE	VALUE UP TO £25
7	WINTER CLOTHES	FOR WHOLE FAMILY. VALUE UP TO £25
8	YOUR BILLS PAID	FROM BUTCHER & GROCER FOR 1 YEAR. UP TO £25
9	BUREAU BOOK-CASE	WITH 50 BOOKS
10	CELEBRATION GIFTS	HAMPERS FOR EACH of 5 FRIENDS

20 OTHER BIG 2 in 1 PRIZES — 2nd. £50 PRIZE — 3rd. £25 PRIZE — 4th. £10 PRIZE — £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3 — 10 of £2-10

BIG XMAS CAKE AND EACH PRIZE ABOVE

100 BIG 12/6 CHRISTMAS CAKES (TO ARRIVE IN GOOD TIME FOR DECEMBER 25)

THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS IN 6th NEW BONUS OFFER

IF LUMP SUM PREFERRED TO 10-IN-1 FIRST

£1,000 CASH WILL BE PAID

Be Quick- CLOSING POSTMARK, **SAT. NOV. 19**

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,146) Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 19.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of two, three or four words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,146) Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 19.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,146) Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 19.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose THREE or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,146, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Save Money on Entries

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,146 and Crossword No. 131, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,146 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,141 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Jenkins, 25, Dunrobin Street, Longton, Staffs.

RETAIN THIS VOUCHER

to enclose with entry for Next Week's

BIG PENSION OFFER

XMAS BONUS VOUCHER FOR ENCLOSURE WITH YOUR ENTRY, FOR *NEXT* WEEK'S CONTEST!

I certify that I entered..... "Bullets" for 10-in-1 FIRST PRIZE Offer, Competition No. 1,146. Accordingly, I claim the Christmas Bonus Privilege announced in "John Bull" dated November 19, I enclose..... "Bullets" for Competition No. 1,147.

SIGNED.....

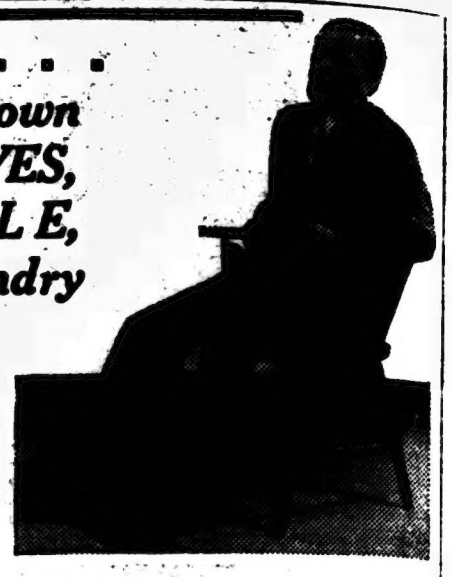
ADDRESS.....

.....

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,146, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

TO-DAY I am Brimful Of Energy

A FEW WEEKS AGO . . . .
I Became Very Run-down And Suffered from NERVES, STOMACH TROUBLE, FLATULENCE And Sundry Other Discomforts



PAPER! Paper! Early morning edition—paper!!! Late night final—paper!

News! The public want it up to the minute! The man who supplies it must never be late. He must be on the go and on his feet from early morning to late at night.

No life for a health sufferer! But here's a newsagent who *did* suffer! His already exhausting daily tasks were made doubly nerve-shattering by a succession of health failings. He became run-down — he suffered with his nerves — his old enemy, a troublesome stomach, reappeared to further his distress. In a word, he was a SICK MAN.

But the pace of his day never slackened. He HAD to carry on! Then, when it seemed the crisis was at its worst, he found something which made him, in his own words, "A vastly different man."

Yeast-Vite! Again this great tonic had come to the rescue of a sufferer. To-day, this man declares, "I am brimful of energy!" Another Yeast-Vite triumph indeed! Another of those incidents which in their thousands have firmly established Yeast-Vite as TO-DAY'S GREAT TONIC PICK-ME-UP. If you need health, strength, energy, freedom from pain—YOU NEED YEAST-VITE!

No Relief—No Pay

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

Newsagent's Amazing Health Recovery

London, S.E.5. 8th October, 1938.

Dear Sirs,

On the principle of giving credit where credit is due, I write to add my testimony to the efficiency of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets.

A few weeks ago I became very run-down and suffered from nerves, stomach trouble (to which, on and off, I have been a victim for the past 18 months), indigestion, flatulence, and sundry other discomforts.

The nature of my business has precluded me taking a holiday, or much rest for the last 6 years, and this doubtless has a lot to do with my recent condition.

I was persuaded by my wife to take a course of your Tablets, and am pleased to state that after 3 or 4 bottles I felt a vastly different being. The nerviness, etc., disappeared, and I was able to tackle my job, with its necessarily long hours, with renewed zest.

I am continuing to take the Tablets and, thanks to them, to-day I am brimful of energy.

Yours faithfully, "NEWSAGENT."

Yeast-Vite
RELIEVES
INDIGESTION
INSOMNIA
RHEUMATISM
"NERVES"
HEADACHES
LASSITUDE
DEPRESSION
CONSTIPATION

Yeast-Vite

Brand

Quick Tonic Tablets. Sold Everywhere. Price 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

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